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The New Statesman and Nation, November 25, 1933

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VI. No. 144 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1933 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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SIR JOHN SIMON is not a popular person, and the latest attempt to get rid of him was nearly successful. But it failed because Sir John has a good public case if accused of driving Germany out of the League; because if the Simonites follow the Samuelites out of the Government the pretence of "National" Government will be at an end; and, finally, because Sir John's retirement now would give Hitler the chance of claiming a first-class diplomatic victory. Meanwhile, the Right wing Conservatives who think the time over-ripe for a return to party politics—the word National is no longer an asset at by-elections—are putting up Lord Lloyd as a comparatively youthful champion whose record is less troublesome than Churchill's or Amery's. (Indeed, apart from a vague memory of his fantastic pretentiousness and snobbishness as High Commissioner in Egypt, Lord Lloyd is only known to the public as an extremist on the subject of India.) At the opening meeting of this Die-hard campaign, ominously presided over by the venerable Lord Carson, Lord Lloyd attacked the Government for doing nothing, and advanced an economic policy which some people would call Tory democracy and others Fascism. The meeting, incidentally, seems to have approved the suggestion that since a tariff boycott had failed to bring Mr. De Valera to heel a war might be tried instead. Mr. De Valera's own reply to Mr. Thomas's invitation to choose between being in and out of the Empire was what we should have expected. If Mr. Thomas meant that the Free State was free to choose without any danger of British coercion, he is quite willing to put the Republican issue to the test at a general election and loyally accept the result.

Mr. MacDonald and Armaments

In his speech at the reopening of Parliament, the Prime Minister took the opportunity of replying to some remarks of Mr. Lansbury about the traffic in arms. Mr. MacDonald appears to have been very inefficiently briefed. He asserted that it was a "gross exaggeration" to say that about a third of the world's export of arms came from this country and that in any case there were "no reliable figures." Actually Mr. Lansbury's figures were taken from the League of Nation's Statistical Year Book of the Trade in Arms and Ammunition (1932), which gives the British share of the world's armament exports for 1932 as 31.6 per cent. Secondly, does Mr. MacDonald really imagine that the object of the Government's scheme for hydrogenation of coal is a secret? This scheme is an armament measure, not an economic proposition. Its object is to free this country from its dependence on overseas oil imports in time of war. Mr. MacDonald's remarks about the I.C.I. and Sheffield were equally misleading. He quite correctly asserted that the increased steel work now being done in Sheffield has nothing to do

with the export of arms—which is not surprising in view of the fact that Britain's main arms exports are aeroplanes, shells, explosives and other things which are not made in Sheffield at all.

The Deadlock at Geneva

Statesmen, as we all know, are sometimes required in the public interest to modify the truth a little. But what possible object had the Prime Minister in telling the House of Commons on Monday that Sir John Simon had found "a good and determined spirit of co-operation" at Geneva? The whole world can see that there is no spirit of co-operation at Geneva. Italy wants one thing and France another. Great Britain does not know what to do. Germany has left the stage. The United States is waiting, more or less indifferently, to see what will happen. And now the Disarmament Conference has gone into cold storage till January, and unless there is a miracle the spirit of co-operation at Geneva will be as lacking in 1934 as it is in 1933. There may be a chance of ending the deadlock by diplomatic exchanges outside the Conference, and efforts will presumably be made in which we hope the British Government will play a serious and honest part. For ourselves, we have no great belief in the Four Power Pact, and the last thing we want to see is any further slight or damage to the League of Nations. But if the League and the Disarmament Conference cannot solve the problem that faces them, some other means must be tried. If these prove successful, then the world may come back to Geneva in a wiser and better frame of mind. But to make a fetish of the League will destroy it and aggravate the peril of Europe.

Russia and the U.S.A.

The recognition of the U.S.S.R. by the United States may not be an event of such colossal importance as the Soviet press pretends. But it is a piece of belated common sense for which President Roosevelt is to be commended; it has a substantial value for Russia; and it should be welcomed by the rest of us as a steadying factor in the Far East. There is, of course, no question of a military alliance against Japan, but the *rapprochement* may be taken—and certainly is taken in Moscow—as an indication of moral support for Russia by the U.S.A. The Japanese themselves, no doubt, regard it in that light, though they profess, in official circles at least, to be unmoved by it. On the economic side there are mutual advantages in prospect. Russia wants cotton, copper, sugar, machinery, railway equipment; whilst oil, manganese, and wood products are among the commodities which the U.S.A. might usefully take from her. The trade agreement and its terms, among which long-term credits naturally bulk very large for the Russians, have still to be negotiated. When they are it is quite likely that the Soviets will do more business with America and less with Britain and Germany. That will probably not worry our Government who, under the influence of Mr. Bennett in Canada and their own anti-Bolshevik prejudices, are making the most leisurely progress towards an Anglo-Soviet agreement.

Desperate Remedies

No more startling document has ever appeared in the history of the British Commonwealth of Nations than the report of the Royal Commission on Newfoundland. This little Dominion, with a total population of less than 300,000, is the oldest British colony, and has enjoyed self-government for nearly eighty years. Everybody knew that its affairs were in a sad mess; but few were prepared for the devastating exposure made by Lord Amulree and his two fellow Commissioners. Newfoundland is bankrupt and a pauper. Its budget has been unbalanced for twelve years; the debt of the country has been doubled, its resources plundered and squandered. The majority of its inhabitants are living—or dying pitiably—at subsistence level. Greed, graft and corruption are rampant. The "spoils system" is practised in its crudest form; politician is a synonym for crook. In such a desperate case no tinkering can be effective. The Royal Commission's remedy is drastic and unprecedented. Newfoundland, they propose, should abandon its autonomy and agree to hand itself over to Great Britain, to be governed—until its health is restored—under what is virtually a form of Crown Colony administration. Its finances would be put in order by a 3 per cent. Conversion loan, guaranteed by us, and by advances which would, in fact, be free gifts from the British taxpayer. All this may require serious consideration; but there can be little doubt that the main proposals will be accepted.

Dr. Sprague

Dr. Sprague, who left his post as adviser to the Bank of England a few months ago in order to become one of President Roosevelt's advisers, has now resigned from the service of the United States Government, with the declared intention of helping to run a crusade against the President's policy in the interests of "sound money." No one who knows Dr. Sprague's opinions will be surprised; in this country he earned a reputation as a singularly obstinate deflationist. "Sound money" was, and is, his passion; and he can have taken service under Mr. Roosevelt only under an entire misapprehension of his own potential influence on the presidential mind. He now complains that he has been given no chance of discussing monetary policy with the President, and expresses complete scepticism and disapproval of the present gold-buying policy of the United States. He does not believe that this can raise prices in general, though it can, of course, raise the prices of imports and exports, unless there is, in addition, a rise in the general level of demand. On that point we are disposed to think that he is right, and that Mr. Roosevelt will have before long to admit that his gold-buying policy is ineffective. But the issue between the President and Dr. Sprague will still remain; for whereas Dr. Sprague will regard the failure as clinching the case for "sound money," Mr. Roosevelt may well treat it as justifying a resort to direct inflation. This is clearly what Dr. Sprague fears; and accordingly he joins in good time the growing ranks of open opposition to the President's policy.

Reaction in Spain

The Spanish elections are not finished as we write; second ballots will have to be held in a large number of constituencies. But the results to hand so far show what was expected—a big swing to the Right. The Socialists have lost many seats (except in Madrid and one or two other places); the Radicals, which means the Whiggish party of Señor Lerroux, appear to be holding their own.

The Conservative forces, representing the agrarian landlords and industrialists, the Church and monarchism, have won substantial victories. For this, it is said, the women's vote is chiefly responsible, and it may well be so, for the women are peculiarly amenable to clerical influence. In any case the strength of the reaction, which had already been manifested at the municipal elections, is undeniable. Socialism, even of the mild reformist type pursued under the Azana regime, has a long row to hoe in Spain, where traditionalism, political dissensions and inexperience make formidable obstacles. The setback to the Left of course does not necessarily imply that the Republic is in danger. The Monarchists are elated, but they are not at present a powerful or a united force, and few are anxious to recall Don Alfonso. We cannot, indeed, tell until the elections are concluded whether there will even be a Government of the Right.

The Corporative State in Italy

A year or more ago Signor Mussolini contributed to *Enciclopedia Italiana* an article on the philosophy of Fascism, which has been translated into English and published by the Hogarth Press under the title of *The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism* (price 1s.). He has now announced another step in the process of putting his doctrine into practice. The Italian Parliament, we are told, is to be abolished, and its power of economic legislation handed over to the new National Council of Corporations and the constituent corporations of the various industries and economic groups. Thus another step is taken towards the creation of the Corporative State, which Fascism, improving on the Hegelian model, has always made its objective. The winding up of Parliament, which is, in Signor Mussolini's view, merely a survival of an obsolescent Liberalism closely connected with the advancing phase of capitalist society, would be more significant if the Chamber had not been shorn already of all real power, and made into a mere automatic machine for registering the decisions of the Fascist Grand Council. Such powers as the National Council of Corporations now acquires it will get in effect not as the heir of Parliament, but by grant from the Fascist Grand Council, which means to retain the overriding power. Signor Mussolini insists that Italy shall remain a "one-party" state; and the Council of Corporations will consist of nominees approved by the Fascist leadership, and pledged to carry out its policy.

The Minister and the Slums

The Minister of Health's defence of his housing policy at Manchester this week was singularly unimpressive. It is perfectly true that the recent fall in interest rates has given a great stimulus to private building; but it is emphatically not true that the types of houses that are being built are in the vast majority of cases within the means of ordinary working-class people. Nor is it true that the process of filtration from old to new houses shows any signs of releasing accommodation at rents within the reach of those whose need is most acute. For the steady fall in the average size of the family means that the demand for houses rises much faster than the total population; and the stopping of the Wheatley subsidies has effectively shut off the supply of new houses to let at reasonable rents. Slum-clearance is needed; but the demand for additional cheap houses is far more urgent; and the best way of clearing the slums is to provide an adequate supply of decent houses, and so make a drastic policy of closing bad houses practicable. It is reported that the Minister is now pressing local authorities to sell as many as possible of the houses they own to the Building Societies, as well as to transfer mortgages under the Small Dwellings Acquisition Acts. Thus the attempt to liquidate municipal housing enterprise, and to get rid of all public responsibility for housing standards, is to be pressed a stage further. Sir Hilton Young is doubtless doing yeoman service in the interests of private enterprise. What he is not doing is to house the people.

The By-Elections

Rusholme, coming after East Fulham, emphasises its lesson, and Rutland rubs it in. Though Mr. Woods, the Labour and Co-operative candidate, did not succeed in capturing the Rusholme seat, he did pull the "National Conservative" vote down by nearly 11,000, and improve the Labour vote by 4,700. This is the more significant because Rusholme is by no means an area usually favourable to Labour propaganda. It is essentially a *petit bourgeois* area, much more so than East Fulham; and the importance of the vote lies in the further evidence of a big shift of allegiance among the lower middle classes and the "black-coats" away from the National Government towards the Labour Party. These are the electors who voted "National" in 1931 because they were scared by the financial crisis and told that their small savings were in danger. On this occasion very many of them did not vote at all, as the drop of 8,400 in the total vote shows. But of those who did vote enough voted Labour to help in raising the Labour total from 6,300 to 11,000—which means a remarkable change of opinion.

The Great Dictionary

The old Greek who declared that a big book was a big evil might have made an exception of the Oxford English Dictionary, could he have seen forward to our age. Save for its price, that monumental work of scholarship deserves all the praises that have been showered on it. It has now been amplified by a supplementary volume, whose issue was celebrated at a luncheon the other day. This volume presents what Dr. Gordon, the President of Magdalen, described as "the whole riotous, 'riproarious,' linguistic wealth of the scientific, industrial, literary, artistic and social life not only of England, but of all the English-speaking countries during the last half century." Here are many words adopted from foreign languages; new words for new things in sea and sky and on earth; slang words that have become respectable enough for Archbishops or the *Times* leader-writers. In the production of these last the United States has been most prolific, and Dr. Gordon 'okes' (verb from O.K., in case you are puzzled) that remark of Mr. Dooley's: "When we Americans are done with the English language it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy." On the serious side, Dr. Gordon suggests that, for a virile nation, we have too many words in our dictionary devoted to comforts, clothes and fashions, sports and games. Perhaps he is right. And perhaps also, for a civilised nation, we have too many words devoted to methods of slaughter and destruction.

"RIPENING HARVESTS"

> There is no doubt at all that we have been passing through trying and difficult times, and the peculiarity of the problems that are now facing us in the international field is that they are of the nature of ripening harvests. They are the result of deeds done, wisely or unwisely.—The Prime Minister, House of Commons, November 21st.

If laughter can kill, the National Government can scarcely survive a little book of quotations compiled by "Vindicator," which appears this week with the title of *A Strong Hand at the Helm.* Of course, its method is not altogether fair; few of us care to be caught at the wrong moment by the photographer and even the wisest public speaker makes an occasional *gaffe.* But the chief characteristic of the quotations selected by "Vindicator" from the speeches of members of the Government is a certain pleasing inconsequence, almost, we might say, a tendency to self-contradiction. Indeed, if membership of a National Government is compatible with a sense of humour, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Thomas should spend some very happy minutes reading these quotations to each other in the intervals between solemn declarations from the Treasury Bench. Did the Minister of Labour say that

> the Government had decided some time ago to discontinue the ineffective policy of attempting to relieve unemployment by a system of State subsidies in aid of public works?

Then how inconsiderate of the Prime Minister to boast a fortnight later of the big electrification and other schemes by which the Government hopes to "put thousands of wage-earners back into employment"!

And how odd that Mr. Runciman should retort with the remark that

> we have terminated our scheme for dealing with the unemployed by way of capital expenditure works,

and how natural that Mr. Chamberlain should wind up the symposium by saying that, in regard to public works,

> this attempt to find some inconsistency between statements made at different times by different members of the Government is really beating the air . . . there is no inconsistency whatever!

Again, while Mr. Runciman declared that tariffs were only "in the nature of an experiment," it was awkward of his colleage, Lord Hailsham, to remark that

> it is no good the Free Traders saying that this is merely an experiment. . . . I believe that now the people of this country have seen what can happen under Protection we are never going back to the bad old days of free imports. . . .

Surely, also, it was a little too bad of Mr. Thomas to rub it in that "tariffs were no cure," that their object was only

> as a bargaining lever, not to increase tariff walls, but to bring them down,

just when the Prime Minister was saying that

> the tariff power would be used to maintain standards of life!

It was surely indiscreet of Sir E. Hilton Young to say that a chief purpose of tariff policy was

> to prevent as far as possible a rise in the cost of living,

and of Mr. Runciman to say that Protection would not raise the price of foodstuffs, when Mr. Thomas, Lord Hailsham and Mr. Walter Elliot were insisting that the object of the Government's policy was to raise them!

Now the National Government has a reply to these and other examples of "Vindicator's" selective skill. The reply, if they were honest enough to state it, would run somewhat as follows: "We are a mixed bunch who have never really agreed about anything except the paramount duty of protecting the British investors who rallied to the National standard in 1931. Our verbal contradictions do not matter, because our object has been to avoid a definite policy. In England's peculiar economic situation we stand to gain most by not doing too much. As a result of complying with the suggestions of Mr. Montagu Norman and avoiding any infection from the reckless Mr. Roosevelt, England is less badly off than most other nations. The capitalist knows that our moderation is wise and will not be influenced by shouts that we have 'forgotten the unemployed' (we have after all cut the dole and imposed a means test) and he will applaud our quiet little King's Speech. He will know that a new Unemployment Insurance Bill, a long overdue attempt to limit the working hours of children in shops to forty-eight per week, a betting Bill to restore the fortunes of racecourse promoters and a slum Bill which promises to pull down slums but not to spend any public money on new houses for the poor—he will know that none of these things are likely in any way to embarrass him, while something must be done to use the time of Parliament and to please our friends in the country."

Such would be the honest defence of the National Government. Its difficulties arise from squaring this defence with the word "National," which has been used somewhat widely during the last two years as if it included the interests of the bulk of the nation. Sir Herbert Samuel has felt this difficulty so acutely that he has at length crossed over to the unpatriotic benches on the other side of the House. And if the by-elections at East Fulham, Rusholme and Rutland are anything to go by, the public is also wearying of the achievements of the National Government. As the Prime Minister with his usual felicity puts it: "The peculiarity of the problems that are now facing the Government" is that they are "of the nature of ripening harvests." They are —unlike other problems?—"the result of deeds done, wisely or unwisely." Here Mr. MacDonald was referring to the international difficulties that confronted the Government. These are indeed formidable, and we have never for our part attributed them to mistakes made by Sir John Simon during the period immediately preceding Germany's decision to leave the League. We should like the relevant documents to be published in full, but we are prepared to find Sir John on this occasion wholly blameless. We agree with the Prime Minister that it is a problem of ripening harvests, of deeds done wisely or unwisely—some time ago. The seed time in this case was perhaps when Sir John refused to see anything very culpable in the behaviour of our old friend and ally, Japan, when she invaded, on approved imperialist lines, the territory of a weak neighbour in search of loot. Sir John's refusal to take the Covenant of the League seriously then and, after the manner of the famous judge, to show "neither partiality on the one side nor impartiality on the other," was certainly the beginning of the end at Geneva; it was a death-blow to the Disarmament Conference and it was the pattern on which Herr Hitler modelled his behaviour when he took the abrupt action for which Sir John has been so unjustly blamed. To-day, we agree, the problem is in the nature of a ripening harvest—possibly a harvest of death.

The truth is that both in their foreign and their domestic policy the Government have not been living

in the present. The notion that anyone really took seriously this preposterous stuff about collective security, scrapping tanks and bombing aeroplanes and internationalising civil aviation had not occurred to them. To men like Lord Hailsham, internationalism is just a fad of the cranks at Geneva and the chatter of old women at pacifist tea parties. The realities to such men are still the Balance of Power and the armed might of the British Empire. And just as the National Government has not realised that many people to-day really want an international peace system, so too it has not understood that those who once accepted poverty as part of the natural order now watch the destruction of the world's wealth by those who own it and refuse to be impressed by figures of reviving trade. They want a system in which recovery, if there is to be recovery, will not be followed by another slump; they want a system in which wealth will be shared, not dribbled out in the way most profitable to a few. Cuts in the dole do not seem a tolerable remedy for a crisis in which the granaries are bursting and food burned or dumped into the sea. Here, then, is another ripening harvest of discontent—" the result of deeds done, wisely or unwisely," during two years of untrammelled power. It is a harvest that waits for the reaper and we hope that the reaper (whose name will not be MacDonald) will know what to do with it when he gathers it in.

PACIFISTS' ESCAPE FROM DILEMMA

SOME weeks ago Mr. Gerald Gould wrote in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of the perplexity which he, in common with other middle-aged pacifists, felt in face of the present situation. His article appeared to me better calculated to communicate this perplexity to others than to enlighten it. This at any rate was its effect upon me. It is in order to dispel this effect—and not only, I hope, upon myself—that I venture to present the philosophy of modern pacifism and the policy which it implies from a different angle.

The modern pacifist, as I conceive him, does not indulge overmuch in abstract discussion of such questions as whether the use of force is ever permissible and, if so, when; whether there are any circumstances in which the taking of human life is justified and, if so, what. Pacifists of the generation to which Mr. Gould and I belong had their intellectual bellyful of such discussions during the war and know pretty well what value to place upon their ability to satisfy a healthy appetite for peace.

We have come to realise, most of us, two things. First, that whether we like it or not society is not likely to be persuaded to abandon the use of force in our lifetime. Hence, whether or not he agrees with Sir Norman Angell that " non-resistance as a method of national defence is entirely feasible," the concern of the modern pacifist is to ensure that, the use of force being taken for granted, it shall be used as rarely as possible and shall do as little harm as possible either to its employer or to its victim. He believes that this result is most likely to be secured, if the force is at the disposal not of the parties to a dispute, but of a neutral authority. He is then in the second place prepared to subscribe to the principle of a super or international authority which must, he concedes, be backed by armed force.

This conclusion, which is in effect to apply to international affairs the principle already accepted in internal ones, namely, that we should arm not the litigant but the law, seems sufficiently obvious; but many pacifists, especially the younger and more idealistic pacifists, object to it because it commits them by implication to countenacing the use of force against the law-breaker. It is pacifists of this type who are likely to find themselves embarrassed by the dilemma depicted in Mr. Gould's article. Yet of two things one: either you disown the use of force at all times and in all circumstances, in which case the dilemma is an ever present accompaniment to your life as a citizen whose taxes support the army, the police and the prisons; or you concede the legitimacy of its use in a society of individuals, in which case there seems no logical ground for denying it a similar legitimacy in a society of nations. The modern pacifist, I think, has no hesitation in accepting the second of these alternatives.

There is, it is obvious, a perfectly valid sense in which a civilised society is based on force. This does not mean that most people obey the laws unwillingly and are only constrained to law-abiding conduct by fear of police and prison, any more than it means that most nations keep the peace unwillingly and are only deterred from making war by fear of defeat. What it does mean is that every society contains a number of anti-social individuals whose activity, if unchecked, precludes civilised behaviour on the part of the rest. This is not merely to make the obvious point that the philosopher cannot philosophise while his neighbour is abducting his wife, or the artist paint if he is expecting a burglar to run off with his canvas and his spoons. It is also to recognise that evil is parasitic upon good; that it is the beauty of the philosopher's wife, the worth of the artist's picture and the value of the spoons of the ninety-five honest citizens which make abduction attractive and burglary profitable for the rest. If all were burglars, there would be nothing to steal; just as, if all told lies, there would be no point in lying. It is, in fact, precisely because civilised activity by the mere fact of its occurrence provides a career for the anti-social thug by making " thuggery " profitable, that civilised society must protect itself against thugs. Now I see no reason to doubt that these considerations which prescribe the function of force in a national community will prove equally potent in postulating its use by an international community or communities. International government, then, must be backed by force.

I do not suppose that Mr. Gould would wish to dissent from this analysis. What he seems to have overlooked is the escape which the admission of the function of force in society offers from his dilemma. Non-resistance, Mr. Gould affirms, is not always practicable: " The cat sometimes avoids the dog; it never spares the mouse." It is not true, as some of us used to assert during the war, that if having been hit on one cheek you turn the other it is psychologically impossible for the aggressor to hit you again. Hitler's impressive performances upon the defenceless have shown that it is not. Very well, I agree with Mr. Gould; passive resistance is not always enough. But by what logic, then, we are asked, does the pacifist, conceding the occasional legitimacy of force in theory, himself refuse to fight in practice? The difficulty, if difficulty there is, is not peculiar to pacifists who countenance and indeed advocate a collective, international police force. It is not only pacifists, I take it, who would dislike killing, who would even refuse to kill, a bullock or a sheep; yet we have no compunction in hiring the butcher to do for us what we would not do for ourselves. And, although pacifists might shrink in their own person from the job of knocking down, sentencing, imprisoning and punishing the wife-beater or the child-torturer, they would not—at any rate they do not—hesitate to employ policemen, judges and warders to protect wives and children by doing the knocking down, sentencing and restraining for them. The whole of civilised society is, indeed, based on the assumption that we may legitimately employ or appoint other people to carry out for us functions which we would not or could not carry out for ourselves.

Theoretical difficulties being disposed of the modern pacifist is encouraged to find that Mr. Gould, forgetting for a moment his bewilderment, is inclined at this point to offer him a helping hand. " The immediate need," Mr. Gould tells him, " is somehow to stave off war by diplomacy, on the chance that we could achieve peace by consent." Accepting Mr. Gould's invitation, and accepting further the two postulates I

have sought to establish, that force is going to be used in human affairs whether he likes it or not, and that, this being so, the way to peace lies through its collective organisation, the modern pacifist turns to an examination of the existing situation with a view to devising a constructive peace policy. At the outset he is met by a highly significant and encouraging fact. His object, it will be remembered, is to substitute a system of pooled security based on internationally controlled force for the international anarchy engendered by the existence of rival national forces. Is there any precedent for an analogous step in history? Casting his mind back he recalls how the anarchy of England produced by the ravages and conflicts of the private armies of barons was finally terminated by the subordination of the barons to the central authority of the King and the incorporation of their private forces in the King's army. How was this transformation effected? Primarily, the historian reminds him, as a result of the invention of gunpowder which bestowed upon the King, who controlled it, such a superiority of armament that he was in a position to compel the recalcitrant barons to surrender their private armies or merge them in a national army. Is there any analogous invention in the analogous situation of to-day? There is: there is the bombing aeroplane. A fleet of bombing aeroplanes, we are told, could obliterate the capital cities of the world within twenty-four hours, and, as Mr. Baldwin and others have repeatedly reminded us, against the bombing plane there is no defence. Here, then, is an arm which, like gunpowder 600 years ago, confers upon its possessor a power to which there is no adequate resistance. Can it be made to play in substituting for the anarchy of sovereign States the control of an international authority a part similar to the part played by gunpowder in substituting for the anarchy of rival barons the control of the authority of the King? Can the control of civil aviation be made the key to world peace? The modern pacifist believes that it can.

With this key in his pocket he proceeds to the construction of a positive plan. The details of any such plan are, of course, important, but they are not vital to the present argument, which is concerned merely to affirm as a counter-blast to Mr. Gould's perplexity that a constructive peace policy for pacifists is still practicable. As an illustration, however, of the kind of plan I have in mind, I conclude by briefly indicating some of the main features of the 14-point plan recently put forward by Lord Allen at a round table conference called by the Peace Council and subsequently reprinted in *Essential News*. The world, it is obvious, requires a new peace psychology. Very well then, we begin with a gesture of leadership. Re-affirming its belief in the covenant and the policy of the Kellogg Pact, the British Government summons the world anew to an arms convention. The essential clauses of such a convention are:

(1) The complete abolition of armaments over a period of ten or twenty years.

(2) The supervision and control of armaments in the interim.

(3) The immediate internationalisation of civil aviation.

The case of Germany requires special treatment: her free and equal state being recognised, she is asked to participate in the convention. As a pledge of good faith prototype weapons are, if she insists, permitted her. Given international control of civil aviation, breaches by Germany of the convention to disarm, if reported under the system of supervisory control, need not be feared. If Germany refused to co-operate in safeguarding peace by entering such a convention, then she should be regarded as a menace to the world's peace and treated accordingly, *before* she has re-armed. Unpleasant, of course, says the modern pacifist, but at least better than waiting until a new armaments race produces its inevitable result in another world war. At any rate, this is the sort of plan for which he is prepared to work as an antidote to perplexity.

C. E. M. JOAD

UNDERFEEDING THE UNEMPLOYED

LAST April the Council of the British Medical Association appointed a committee with the following reference: "To determine the minimum weekly expenditure on foodstuffs which must be incurred by families of varying size if health and working capacity are to be maintained; and to construct specimen diets." The nine members of the Committee were admirably chosen. They included Dr. M'Gonigle, the energetic Medical Officer of Health for Stockton-on-Tees (who acted as Hon. Sec.), Dr. Buchan, the Willesden M.O.H., Professor V. H. Mottram, Professor Cowell, and Dr. Robert Hutchison of the London Hospital. The committee has just presented its report; and it will appear as a supplement to this week's *British Medical Journal*. It is a document of the highest importance, and does credit to the B.M.A., and to the members of the committee. It is, indeed, a model of what such reports should be, concisely and objectively presenting all the relevant facts available, with obvious understanding and appreciation of the human, as well as of the chemical and physical, problems involved.

In many unsentimental quarters there has been for some time a growing anxiety as to the consequences of prolonged unemployment, and of the economic hardships which it involves, on the national health, and especially on the nutrition of the poorer sections of our people. Official pronouncements have been on the whole reassuring, but many of us have felt that this complacency has rested too largely on surface appearances. As Dr. Vynne Borland recently pointed out, "the actual results of the physical deterioration of the peoples of Central Europe, in consequence of the blockade during the Great War, did not fully manifest themselves until after the war." Many facts certainly have lent themselves to optimistic conclusions. School Medical Officers and others who have had to do with the children of unemployed workmen have frequently reported that they found little evidence of increased malnutrition. It has often been assumed that in times of economic stress the signs of consequent physical injury will first show themselves in the children. For this assumption there is, except in times of extreme privation, small foundation. Dr. Keith, as a result of extensive investigations in Deptford, satisfied himself that "the mothers are increasingly starving themselves for the benefit of the children"; and Dr. M'Gonigle, in the *British Medical Journal* some months ago, stated that "practical experience among families whose purchasing power had been reduced by unemployment showed that the self-sacrificing attitude of the majority of parents is of such a high order that it is they themselves, and in particular the mothers, who suffer first from under-nourishment; and it is only when conditions become exceedingly straitened that the foodstuffs of the younger children are curtailed."

The B.M.A. committee, however, were not set the task of ascertaining whether, in fact, malnutrition on a considerable scale is present among the poor; though they state in their report that "a knowledge of the actual facts would have been extremely useful, and of great public interest." What they have set out to do, and have actually done, is to determine, in the light of the established facts of physiology, the bare dietetic requirements of health and reasonable fitness. They have, of course, been obliged to estimate in averages. The "normal man" is a mythical creature; he is the mean between an infinite number of the abnormal men which we all are.

Physiologically regarded, an adequate diet must provide a defined number of calories; it must include a due proportion of *suitable* proteins and of *suitable* fats as well as of carbohydrates; and it must also contain a sufficiency of each of at least four vitamins and of certain minerals. An efficient diet cannot be measured in calories alone; nor will an excess of one vitamin or of one mineral compensate for a deficiency of others. "An adult male could obtain all the calories he needs for a week from twenty-three pounds of bread," but no one will pretend that health or working capacity could be

maintained on such a diet. On scientific grounds, the figures and estimates of the committee are likely to meet with little criticism. They are, indeed, almost criticism-proof. The diets estimated for are as simple and as economical as the sternest poor law disciplinarian could desire for his charges. The quoted prices of the individual articles are calculated to raise the eyebrows of many domestic caterers. Here are a few examples. The adult working-man's weekly ration of meat is set down as 1 lb. of beef, 6*d.*; ½ lb. minced meat, 2½*d.*; ½ lb. bacon, 3*d.*; ½ lb. corned beef, 3*d*; ¼ lb. liver, 1½*d.*; ¼ lb. cod, 1¼*d.* He is allowed a penny a day for fresh fruit and green vegetables, over and above the penny a week he is allowed for cabbage; and, by way of pandering to his aesthetic and sybaritic senses, he is allowed each week ¼ lb. of tea, costing 3*d.* Basing their estimates on such prices, the committee show that a minimum diet for a man, wife and three young children, of ages ranging between six and fourteen years, would, on an average, cost 22*s.* 6½*d.* It cannot be disputed that there are in this country at the present time many hundreds of thousands of families who have not that amount available for the purchase of food—even if we assume that the wives possess the physiological knowledge of the members of this committee and are efficient and economical cooks.

If we cut out every item of luxury from the poor man's budget—an afternoon at the twopenny cinema; a packet of Woodbines; a copy of the *News of the World* for intellectual refreshment—and, of course, dismiss all such debauch as is implicit in half a pint of thin ale, it would still be utterly impossible for thousands of unemployed men, as well as agricultural and other workers at low wages, to devote to the feeding of themselves and their families, after the cost of rent, clothing, lighting, fuel and insurance had been met, anything like the sum which we now know constitutes the bare minimum for health and fitness. In the present year, Mr. Somerville Hastings and Dr. Margaret Ritchie made a careful examination of a number of families of the unemployed in one of the western districts of London. They found that the "amounts per head available to provide food, warmth, clothing, cleansing materials, and other necessities of life varied from 1*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*, an average of 2*s.* 5½*d.*, per week" —a sum clearly insufficient to provide a subsistence dietary were every penny spent on food. It would, indeed, seem that it is often not the raggedest women and children that most urgently call for our pity and demand our consideration; but rather those who have "wasted" on such luxuries as soap and sound clothing the money that would have been more wisely spent on fried fish, milk, or even beer.

HARRY ROBERTS

A LONDON DIARY

SURVEYING this crazy world, I am more and more convinced that the craziest and most dangerous spot in it is Japan. How long can a military dictatorship continue in a state of hopeless bankruptcy to finance costly foreign ventures at the expense of the worst paid, most scandalously conditioned industrial population in the world? One would think that there must be some limit. A friend of mine who was in Japan not long ago tells me that informed opinion there realises that the best bit of luck its ruling class has ever had was the earthquake of 1926. All the misery of the poor could be put down to the earthquake; it created a national emergency round which patriotic effort could be rallied; the building of the ugly new industrial Tokio provided work for a spell. When the impetus of the earthquake was over the ruling caste embarked on the Manchurian adventure. From a patriotic point of view that has proved as satisfactory as it has proved disastrous economically. When the economic effects are apparent and the impetus worn off, what expedient remains possible except a further foreign war?

* * *

One of the delegates who has just returned from the cotton negotiations says that the combination of modern machinery with the worst sweated labour conditions in the world must enable Japan to undersell every civilised country in almost every commodity it cares to export. How far this export trade is profitable to Japan I can only guess. When we read of Japanese bicycles arriving in this country for sale at 10*s.* 6*d.* or 15*s.* each we know that this price involves a subsidy as well as a starving proletariat. Here is an illuminating little example of how world trade goes to-day. Some years ago an English manufacturer put a new invention on the market—a toy windmill with two wings of different colours which revolved in opposite directions as a child held it in front of him running down the street. You will remember how popular this toy was. The manufacturer got 6*s.* 6*d.* a gross for these double-vaned windmills. A German competitor then came into the market with a treble-vaned windmill at the same cost, but the English manufacturer managed to keep his market with the help of the depreciated pound after we went off gold. Then the Japanese, with a more depreciated yen and the other advantages I have mentioned introduced the treble-vaned windmill at 3*s.* a gross—a price which defied competition. The English manufacturer gave up and turned his attention elsewhere, and the shopkeepers, who found halfpenny windmills not worth selling, ceased to stock them. So the Japanese got nothing out of it after all and that particular little bit of enjoyable enterprise came to an end.

* * *

A friend just arrived from New York brings me an unpublished story illustrating the incredible clumsiness of the Nazi propagandists. Klaus Mann, the son of Thomas Mann, and himself a writer, edits at Amsterdam a monthly paper called *Die Sammlung*, for which he has collected a highly distinguished list of contributors. Most of the Germans who write for it are *émigrés*, for the simple reason that few good German writers are now free to write in Germany. A little while ago Mr. Sinclair Lewis suddenly received a telegram from his German publishers warning him not to write for *Die Sammlung*, and saying that if he did his books would be banned in Germany. This had been sent at the orders of Dr. Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda. "What the hell is *Die Sammlung*?" Mr. Sinclair Lewis asked. He had received a letter asking him to contribute, but had forgotten all about it. When the facts were explained to him, he cabled to Germany, "I shall publish what I please where I please." And so *Die Sammlung* is to get an article from Mr. Lewis which it would otherwise never have obtained.

* * *

Mr. G. D. H. Cole is one of those rare people in whom the stream of social passion never runs dry. Not satisfied with a monster output as an economist, a historian, a political philosopher, a journalist, a don and a lecturer (not to mention a little detective writing in spare moments), he has still an overflow of political indignation to express in verse. A few of his Socialist rhymes, written for hastily produced "revues" at summer schools, were published in the Bolo Book: others, scribbled during lengthy speeches (when the speaker no doubt thought he was taking a flattering number of notes), were probably too libellous for publication. He has now produced a small volume of very effective social satire, entitled *The Crooked World* (Gollancz, 6*s.*). It is sincere and biting stuff. I like particularly the rhymed arguments ("I wonder what it feels like to be a judge" is excellent), "What the charwoman said to her employer," and a number of short songs, amongst them a satirical *Lament from Flanders*, which ends:

> But peace—
> To hell with peace;
> If a man's a man in these days, some one fetches the police!

* * *

I have in my hands a remarkable leaflet headed "Women's Reserve. For God, King and Country." It is signed by "Mary Allen, Commandant," and it appeals to women to

" enrol for service " of various kinds. Its object can probably be best gauged by the passage which begins :

> Women by volunteering for service have in their hands a weapon which will not only be a deterrent to all subversive forces but which can be instrumental in counteracting the poisonous doctrines accepted now as part of the freedom of speech movement, frequently masquerading under the banner of peace. . . .

A particular appeal is made to women who own cars or aeroplanes. I understand that Commandant Allen has already a considerable contingent of recruits.

* * *

> Those who are wavering about coming to the Dance might like to know that nearly every bed is booked for that week-end, which shows that the Dance is likely to be up to its usual standard.—House journal.

* * *

> Be sure and sign both papers as directed, stamp the proxy paper with a penny stamp and fill in the number of cows on the voting paper.—From a circular issued to members by the National Farmers' Union.

* * *

> Out of work! Probably because you used inferior notepaper, creating a bad impression . . —Advert. in *Daily Telegraph.*

* * *

> But Shakespeare is better read than spoken, and this was unfortunately made obvious at times on Wednesday. Some of the lines became a little unintelligible, but scenes had been chosen with action and no little interest, and one could forget the lines in the enjoyment of the bard's comic situations.—Report of a local performance of *Twelfth Night* in the *Worthing Herald.*

* * *

> OUR POLICY
>
> The Editor has been informed that the policy of this publication has been so wobbly heretofore that it was impossible to determine whether any policy existed.—*Nigerian Daily Telegraph.*

CRITIC

PAINS AND PENALTIES

Old people do not get a chance if they fail—they are executed—killed.—Birmingham Coroner. *Adult pedestrians are past redemption.*—Chief Constable of Preston.

I'LL hear no politics to-day ;
  Let Aryan, Arab, Slav, or Dago
Revolt, or persecute, or slay—
  What's that to me with my lumbago ?

I lack the philosophic mind
  That, groaning on a bed of pain,
Can rouse itself to serve mankind
  As usual. (There's a twinge again !)

Yet even that twinge, I own, revives
  (For could *I* " jump to it " at need ?)
My sympathies with those whose lives
  Are daily sacrificed to speed.

Old and infirm, or young and rash,
  Each crime leads on its retribution,
And those who hesitate, or dash,
  Are marked alike for execution.

No doubt 'tis just—'tis *just* that those
  Who, scorning foreigners or hating them,
A pplaud a chauvinistic pose
  Should, in the end, find death awaiting them.

Yet motorists and statesmen both,
  Intent on speeding or on strife,
Should note that man is strangely loth
  To pay the forfeit of his life.

Perverse, illogical, self-willed,
  Prone to invoke the law, yet swerve it,
We all object to being killed,
  However much we may deserve it.

MACFLECKNOE

CYNICISM

IN the course of an obituary appreciation in the *Times*, Sir John Marriott speaks of Mr. Augustine Birrell as, apart from his love of literature, a genial cynic. " In nothing," he declares, " was he more cynical than in reference to games, and in particular the game of golf and the game of politics. Playing golf with him one day at Sheringham, I deplored my indifferent play. ' What does it matter ? ' he said. ' Strive as you will, you will never play as well as a man who gets 30*s.* a week (I quote his figure) for doing so.' Similarly in politics, I well remember his chaffing me : ' You are one of those extraordinary people who actually believe in Parliamentary Government.' "

That a cynic was included in Mr. Birrell's composition may be true enough, but neither of the sayings quoted by Sir John prepares the reader for the sentence that follows :—" I often used to wonder what the kindly cynic believed in." There is nothing conspicuously cynical in believing that one of one's golfing friends will never succeed in becoming a champion player. Even the saying about Parliamentary Government savours less of cynicism than of raillery. A convinced Christian might conceivably say to a fundamentalist : " My friend, you ought really to give up reading the Bible " as a criticism of the other's excessive Bibliolatry. A remark of this kind would not in itself denote the temper of a cynic. In the same way, even a believer in Parliamentary Government who had the good sense to see that Parliament is only the best of a bad lot of forms of government might well rally a too ardent constitutionalist on his excessive faith without subsiding into cynicism.

It is by a strange misuse of language that " cynic " has come to mean a man who does not believe in anything. The original cynics seem to have believed in almost as many things as D. H. Lawrence. They believed in indifference to pain and pleasure, and in the single-minded pursuit of virtue and philosophy. What they seem to have been unable to believe in was the genuineness of the virtue of other people. They had a Lawrencian contempt for common humanity. " Many men praise you," said someone to Antisthenes. " Why, what wrong have I done ? " he replied. Diogenes, again, found an enormous pleasure in mocking his fellow-men and in intruding selfish motives to them. When someone asked him why people gave to beggars but not to philosophers, he replied : " Because they think they may one day be lame or blind, but never expect that they may become philosophers." La Rochefoucauld would have given much the same explanation of charity. The cynic, indeed, was the great contradictor of what other people believed. Contradiction was his notion of a joke. He loved to startle like a nineteenth-century decadent poet. *Punch's* advice to those about to marry was anticipated by Diogenes who, on being asked what was the right time to marry, replied : " For a young man not yet : for an old man, never at all." The truth is, Diogenes was an attitudiniser long before the aesthetes. We realise this when we read how he once begged alms of a statue, and on being asked why answered : " To get practice in being refused." There is attitudinising again in his reply to the question what was his favourite wine : " That for which other people pay."

It has been the fate of the cynics to have their jokes remembered and their faith forgotten. Possibly, this is because they were able to dramatise their comic sense better than their philosophy. Yet they could dramatise their philosophy on occasion, too, as when Diogenes, on being captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Crete, was asked by the auctioneer in what he was proficient, and replied : " In ruling men." " Thereupon," we are told, " he pointed to a certain Corinthian with a fine purple border to his robe . . .and said : ' Sell me to this man. He needs a master.' " Fortunately, this piece of dramatic boldness so impressed the Corinthian that he bought Diogenes, who became an extremely efficient master of him and his house.

Obviously, the true cynic was a man built much more on the model of Thoreau, who went to prison as a protest against slavery, than on that of Sir Robert Walpole with his realistic philosophy; "Every man has his price." Not that Diogenes might not have said this if he had lived in the eighteenth century, as it was probably true of the politicians of the time. In one sense, it is permanently more or less true—true enough, at least, to justify someone in saying it. Where Walpole failed as a cynic, however, was not in the low opinion of human nature he expressed, but in his love of pleasure. The true cynic is not an easy-going man, laughing contemptuously at the follies of mankind. He is a teetotaller, a vegetarian, and a non-smoker, or, if he indulges in wine, cooked meats or tobacco, he does so in a mood of indifference, and would be quite as happy without them. He does not care whether he is wearing the right tie at a party, or, indeed, whether he is wearing any tie at all. He lives in a house without an armchair and cares nothing for the comfort of his guests. If you stay with him, there is no hot water bottle in the bed, no gas-fire in the bedroom, no early morning tea. He is a kind of inverted saint who does not believe in aired sheets or clean tablecloths for his friends. In order to be a cynic, you must first get rid of every inclination to self-indulgence and indolence. You must, like Metrocles, be able to call Ignominy and Poverty your country. You must be as indifferent to the worldly comfort of the best of your children as Crates who "entrusted a banker with a sum of money on condition that, if his sons proved ordinary men, he was to pay it to them, but, if they became philosophers, then to distribute it among the people: for his sons would need nothing if they took to philosophy." Who would choose to be a cynic or the son of a cynic?

It is no wonder that a charitable world has preferred to forget the graver aspects of cynicism and think of cynics mainly as amusing, self-indulgent people who believe in scarcely anything, but who do believe in enjoying themselves. In modern times, the ordinary man looks on cynicism as something resembling the paradoxes of Oscar Wilde. Cynicism is to him the denial of the sentimental view of life. In this sense, Dr. Johnson might be regarded as a cynic when he said: "I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor upon a due consideration of characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter." How cynical, too, his description of a man's second marriage as "the triumph of hope over experience" would have sounded, if it had referred to all second marriages, and not merely to a particular instance! Many of Johnson's sayings, indeed, have the aggressive and contradictory hardness of cynicism. Yet no man with Johnson's passion for wall-fruit, his thirst for tea and his appreciation of a loaded table, could be a real cynic. He had the moral passion and the jocularity of the cynic, but he had not the necessary indifference to appetite.

Again, it is impossible to regard Chesterfield and Horace Walpole as cynics. They had a sufficiently low opinion of human beings in general, but they were deficient in the cynic's austerity and rage. It is difficult, indeed, to think of anybody in the modern era except Thoreau who lived up to the cynic's standard both of hard self-denial and of wit. We commonly speak of Disraeli as a cynic, but that is merely because he was an extremely clever statesman whom we suspect of having often talked with his tongue in his cheek. Labouchere, again, was called a cynic solely because he said amusing things which suggested that other people were humbugs. It is not enough, however, to believe that other people are humbugs. To be a cynic, a man must scorn delights and live laborious days, as no modern candidate for the name of cynic seems to have been willing to do.

I doubt, however, whether there will ever be any real cynics again till the world becomes as mad about philosophy as it is to-day about Communism and Fascism. Only then shall we see philosophers divided into raging camps, passionately loving wisdom and passionately loathing each other. Meanwhile, for lack of the real thing, we shall, no doubt, go on applying the name to men who can hold their opinions cheerfully and can laugh genially not only at politics but at golf. I notice, however, that the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* does not give this meaning of the word. According to the *Dictionary*, a cynic is either a philosopher of the school of Antisthenes or "a sneering fault-finder." The genial type of cynic, I think, might well have been included. After all, is it not he who keeps golf and politics comparatively sane?

Y. Y.

A GREAT VICTORIAN

THE death of Augustine Birrell is like the fall of a noble tree, the survivor of a venerable avenue. Asquith, his great leader, Morley, his close friend, died before him; nor, I think, is anyone left to tell us what he was like as a young man. I happen to be almost the only person under forty, outside his family, who knew him well; and I will try to convey the imposing impression which he made upon me. It sprang from his age, his wit, his experience of men and affairs, his reading, his grand appearance, but above all from what is vaguely called "character." He had a massive emotional simplicity belonging to an older generation than mine. This simplicity was masked by a genial cynicism which was the usual tone in which he commented on all human beings, including himself. He was a Victorian, but entirely without humbug; he was frequently contemptuous, but entirely without conceit. A fortnight ago he was saying to me that he could not understand how he ever had achieved Cabinet rank: he had never been ambitious, he had never been hard-working, but somehow other people had pushed him forward. He said he had always acted on an old politician's advice, "Never ask for anything, never refuse anything." An engraving of his favourite, Dr. Johnson, hung over the mantelpiece in his study, and he had cultivated a Johnsonian impatience with fools. He was saturated in the literature, politics and theology of the English eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At the same time, he was Victorian in his indifference to many subjects which would occupy an equally intelligent man to-day. He derived little sensuous pleasure from his eyes, none at all from his ears. He enormously admired Balzac, but read him only in translation. He was as little aware of Sir James Frazer, and even of Karl Marx, as he was of Manet and Wagner. But he would call one an "ignorant dog" for not having read Dr. Hoadley and Dr. Gibson. The genial and truculent limitation of his culture somehow made him more impressive, more monumental—to a degree, indeed, which might have made him seem remote, had he not also tacitly conveyed that he recognised the existence of interests and enthusiasms not his own. Yet to his contemporaries he had appeared something of a dilettante; certainly too much interested in literature for a politician, too much occupied with politics for a man of letters.

When he called his first book *Obiter Dicta* he defined his chief merit as a critic. His criticism and biographical monographs delight chiefly by their incidental comments. Open one of his books at almost any page and you will find such a remark as this one, on the Established Church:

> It is the external church, the bricks and mortar, the ivy-mantled tower, nestling in the valley hard by the "Blue Boar," the chiming of the bells on a Sunday morning as they fall on the ears of men walking in an opposite direction, that appeal to these stalwart sons of the Establishment.

He loved to speak as a philistine about literary questions, knowing perfectly well what he was doing; and he proved over and over again how much enlightened commonsense could contribute to criticism.

I never tired of hearing him talk of the past. A slight North Country burr comported with the trenchancy of his remarks. These were often surprising as well as witty. He told me, for instance, that Gladstone was not an alarming

person to meet, because one felt "an insufficiency in him." Yet he admired Gladstone enormously. Again I should have supposed that the home of a pious Baptist minister in Liverpool in the 'fifties and 'sixties would have been a rather prison-like place for a clever boy. But the young Augustine was allowed to read anything and go anywhere, including the theatre. And one of the few masterpieces of English literature which he never knew well was the Bible. He remembered seeing Hawthorne in 1858; he first met Gladstone in 1869; he had heard Brougham speak and Mill and Bright. He had known Matthew Arnold and Carlyle and Browning, and, of course, Tennyson, whose daughter-in-law he married. He talked, when I knew him, little about his work as a Cabinet Minister, and I fancy that its unhappy close had made him prefer to forget. But the last word on his Irish Secretaryship has not yet been spoken. The author of the two-volume life of Michael Collins maintains that "the biggest obstacle that we had to encounter was the cleverness of Birrell's policy. He cleverly appeared as not interfering with us, while taking care that we were effectually silenced." But politicians are judged at the time by results; and the possibility that the Rebellion would have taken place sooner but for Mr. Birrell's "astute benevolence" is obscured by the fact that it took place at all. His Education Bill was a good one, but it was killed by the Lords. He would not have admitted that he had been a failure as a politician; but that others should think so he recognised as inevitable.

He loved good talk, and when he could not get it he was content with amiable company. Almost to the last he was a constant diner-out. His violent and witty sincerity made him the most welcome of guests. He humoured no one present but he put all in a good humour. His own talk was at its very best in the company of the few women he cared for, and his constant companions were his two sons, who lived with him.

As a young man Augustine Birrell had written of Swift with a mixture of admiration and disgust; yet on re-reading him he was surprised to find his disgust had vanished. He detested humbug, and believed an honest scepticism should be allowed its say on every subject: what was true could stand such tests. The irreverent gaiety of comment which he appreciated in his son Francis undoubtedly influenced him, not only contributing to the amusement of his later years but adding gusto to his own conversation. With age the freedom of his tongue, heart and intellect increased.

His personality made him more than an ex-Cabinet Minister and accomplished essayist. Without pomposity he commanded that respect with which all officially important persons were treated in his youth; and I can hardly imagine any of my contemporaries becoming as impressive as Mr. Birrell, however long they live. I loved him for the great kindness he showed me, and through him I came to understand that "eminent Victorians" might be really eminent. RAYMOND MORTIMER

Correspondence

"THE DYING PEACE" AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION

SIR,—Dr. Garnett makes the astonishing statement that "whatever the 'basis' or 'spirit' of the Covenant may be, the regrettable fact is that under that instrument nations still retain their right to act as judges as well as advocates in their own causes."

This is grave doctrine indeed from the Secretary-General of the League of Nations Union. It is the very doctrine proclaimed by the Japanese Government, which repeatedly told the League that it considered itself entitled to invade China in self-defence, and that as it alone was competent to decide the issue the League had no right to pass judgment on the Japanese view.

The Assembly nevertheless did pass judgment. In its report of February 24th, 1933, it declared that (*a*) the Japanese military operations were not defensive, and (*b*), in any case, the plea of self-defence did not justify failure to comply with Article XII of the Covenant. Does Dr. Garnett hold that the Assembly was acting *ultra vires*, as the Japanese Government contends?

In the Greco-Bulgar case in 1925, the Greeks pleaded self-defence as their justification for penetrating Bulgarian territory. M. Briand, as President of the Council, said their action went beyond self-defence, and added that self-defence could not be invoked to justify failure to bring the matter before the Council and to comply with the Council's injunctions. This view was warmly endorsed by Sir Austen Chamberlain as expressing the duty of the whole League of Nations and of all its members. Does Dr. Garnett hold that M. Briand and Sir Austen were wrong?

The Jurists' Committee set up after the Corfu incident in 1922 reported that it was for the Council to decide in any given case whether or not acts of intervention on the territory of a member of the League that were undertaken without warlike intent were compatible with Article XII of the Covenant. The report was accepted by the Council, although several States complained that it did not go far enough and should have declared that armed intervention for any motive was always incompatible with the Covenant. That was in 1923. Does Dr. Garnett now contend that the Jurists went too far, and that they should have asserted that members of the League have the right to be judges in their own cause when invading each other's territory?

So much for the precedents. They are merely the application of the provisions of the Covenant, and notably of Article X, Article XI, para. 1, Article XII, para. 1, Article XIII, para. 4, Article XV, para. 6, and Article XVI, para. 1. These articles bind all the members of the League to regard any war or threat of war as a matter of common concern, and (1) to submit any dispute likely to lead to a rupture—and an allegation of aggression or resort to war certainly comes within this definition—to some form of peaceful settlement; (2) to accept the fact that it is the duty of all the members of the League to take joint action against a State which they have decided to be guilty of aggression or resort to war against a fellow-member. In other words, the *Dying Peace* is strictly accurate in saying that members of the League "have undertaken to submit to international judgment the question of whether a State is acting in self-defence or guilty of aggression." The members of the League further have undertaken to act on the judgment by severing relations with the peace-breaker.

So much for the Covenant. But forty-two out of the fifty-seven members of the League, including this country, have accepted the Optional Clause, and have thereby undertaken not only to submit to, but to abide by, third-party judgment as to whether or not they are guilty of aggression or resort to war. If Dr. Garnett is in any doubt as to whether one signatory of the Optional Clause is bound to accept the judgment of the Court if summoned before it by another signatory on the charge of violating Article X or Article XVI of the Covenant, let him consult his own International Law Committee.

Dr. Garnett has accused us of misreading the Covenant and invites us to rebut the charge. We have done so.

But we should now like to issue a challenge in our turn. Does the League of Nations Union, or does it not, accept the doctrine enunciated by its Secretary-General, namely, that under the Covenant "nations still retain the right to act as judges as well as advocates in their own causes"? Dr. Garnett has twice repeated this statement at an interval of two months. Before that it appeared in *Headway*, the official organ of the L.N.U.

The doctrine, in our opinion, is not only wrong in fact, but reveals a view so destructive to the very principles on which the collective peace system rests, that the L.N.U. owes it to its 1,000,000 members and to public opinion at large to say clearly and authoritatively where it stands in this matter and why.

A plenary conference of the Union is being held in December. We venture to suggest that this conference should give a clear answer to the following two questions:

(1) Does the League of Nations Union consider that States have the right under the Covenant to act as judges in their own causes, including the issue of what constitutes aggression or resort to war?

(2) Does the League of Nations Union consider that the supreme duty of citizenship in countries members of the League is to put loyalty to the League on the issue of peace before any national loyalty; if so, is it prepared to say that this duty means that we must refuse to serve our Government in any way whatever if it were condemned by the League as an aggressor, and that we must stand by our Government unflinchingly in whatever risks and consequences might follow from loyal fulfilment of its obligations under Articles X and XVI of the Covenant?

In our view the two questions we have ventured to ask go to the root of the confusion that is darkening the public mind and paralysing the public will. If the League of Nations Union can give a clear and authoritative answer on those two points it will have struck a powerful blow for peace. "VIGILANTES"

GERMANY AND PEACE

SIR,—The Germans are probably the world's worst propagandists. A Nazi acquaintance pressed into my hands, as a parting gift, when I left Germany, Ewald Banse's *Science of War*. On returning to London I discovered that he had conscientiously underlined the passages on bacteriological warfare. I am prepared, therefore, to take quite literally Friedrich Sieburg's reference to "the profound innocence of the German soul." I even agree (as I should not have done in 1914), "that German militarism is rather a moral than a political institution and does not necessarily imply a threat to the outside world"—always provided that the outside world does not interfere with the mystic war dance of Germany. It is as much an expression of the soul of Germans as their duels and their beer-drinkings. I agree that Herr Hitler is sincere when he says that he wants peace—even in 1935, the year of the Saar plebiscite.

Repeatedly in Germany I was told that "Germany has no tradition." Superficially that is a paradox about the countrymen of Frederick the Great. But Germany is not the country of Frederick; only Prussia is that. The new nationalist religion is the psychological compensation for the disruptive "little-State system" of the past. It is the restoration to self-esteem of Germany after the war and the peace. It is the declaration of German youths, who have not suffered the war, that they will not bear its burden. It is their repudiation of defeat and defeatism.

What is one to do with such a nation that requires infinite patience to understand—this nation that rejects reason for "blood-thinking" and, powerless itself, angrily talks of a realistic politics of force?

The road that we have to pursue, as Mr. Gerald Gould has pointed out, is a straight and narrow road. There will be no lack of sceptics to calculate the chances of failure. These sceptics have yet to produce an alternative course that offers any prospect of success. Over against chauvinist rage and the *furor teutonicus* stands a rational system for the maintenance of civilisation and peace and for upholding the universal reign of law.

That system is immature, but, as Mr. Arthur Henderson has said, what is conspicuous about it during this last year is not the defection of Japan but the rallying to it of the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. At last it becomes a world system which, like America in the Civil War, can regard the secession of erstwhile members as sedition. If the world became Communist to-morrow this system, in lieu of international anarchy, would still be required. If it became Fascist, I suppose we should still talk of "a planned civilisation." This system is almost the sole valuable fruit of the Great War. There is an imperative mandate, from the men who then fell, to maintain it and to strike down those who would strike it down.

Germany demands equity. She has a case, under the Treaty of Versailles itself and the Covenant, against those who have not disarmed. She has a case for a Prussian corridor linking Koenigsberg, the capital of Prussia, and Berlin, the capital of the Reich. Nor is the pride of a great nation likely to stomach less. But the case in equity must be pleaded, by due process, in the court of law. Germany must re-enter the League, as a Power ready to discuss instead of ready to menace.

"We must not let" Germany rearm. That means that such rearmament must be rendered futile. It means that, as under the Locarno Protocol, overwhelming force will be displayed against any aggressor, Germany—or France. That, presumably, is what Stresemann understood when he signed the Protocol. That guarantee, if coupled with some undertaking to show equity, gives hope to all reasonable elements in Germany. To France it gives what is for her the prior condition of disarmament (and French disarmament has not been negligible). The responsibility for the peace of the world to-day lies with the British Commonwealth, the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. It is they who hold the balance of power. It is for them to hold the balances of justice and to create peace—*pax Brittanica* or *pax communistica*.

Locarno, however, means war, unless placed in the context of a scheme of peace and disarmament. The ultimate guarantee of disarmament consists in transferring sovereignty to an international body, which sovereignty can manifest itself in international armaments inspection and in an international civil aviation force. Such a force can deal with nationalist robbers, levying private war, as the King's artillery once dealt with the barons. Technical objections must be set against the background of this urgency. The right policy is not the fruitless one of "no entanglements." It is that of knowing what we mean by peace and being ready to pay the inevitable cost of our resolution by the right commitments. GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

FREE SPEECH AT OXFORD

SIR,—If a man enters a University he undertakes to be subject to University discipline: hence he cannot claim as much liberty as those outside. Again, the University authorities by long experience know much better than he what is wholesome, what unwholesome to the University or the College as a body. Subject to these limitations, let us have as much liberty of thought and speech as possible. CANTAB

SIR,—The letter published in your columns last week over the signatures of Mr. G. D. H. Cole and other members of the Oxford University Labour Party calls for some reply, as it is likely to give a wrong impression of events in Oxford this term.

In the first place Mr. Cole and his fellow-signatories suggest that the Vice-Chancellor's statement has caused a lull in the campaign for free speech. This is hardly in accordance with the facts. At the moment a petition is being circulated, requesting that free speech be granted unconditionally, and that the penalties imposed by the authorities on undergraduates should be rescinded. This petition is receiving wide support, despite the refusal of the Labour Club to participate. In addition the campaign has been extended outside Oxford. The Manchester University Union has passed a motion condemning the action of the Oxford authorities in refusing free speech against war by 500 votes to one.

Apparently the Labour Party and Club are satisfied with the statement "so long as the Proctors do not in the future use their statutory discretion to limit . . . free speech." They ignore the fact that the Proctors have already used that discretion in the case of the projected anti-war meeting at the beginning of the term, and that the statement merely confirms the arbitrary powers of the authorities.

Again they claim that such "concessions" as have been gained are the fruit of negotiations between the Labour Party and the Proctors, "in spite of difficulties created by the October Club." We can only infer that they allude to the illegal free speech meeting which, so far from creating difficulties, actually clarified the issue and created the mass pressure which extorted the extremely unsatisfactory reply from the authorities.

We are not satisfied with the position as it is, and although we appreciate the protest of senior members of the University against the suspension of our club, we must point out that this is a matter which concerns primarily junior members of the University, among whom we shall continue our agitation until it receives a satisfactory conclusion.

MEMBERS OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY OCTOBER CLUB
Magdalen College, Oxford.

SIR,—Parents who have boys or girls at Universities may well deplore that learning, in these institutions, is nowadays so mixed up with political agitation. Yet, does not the blame rest with the academic authorities who have, far too long, imposed on the public—i.e., parents and students alike—a devilish mixture of militarism and learning of which all centres of culture ought to be ashamed?

The evil starts with the public schools. Parents who plan a university career for their sons are hard pushed to find a school which is not a barrack in disguise. Even when the membership of the O.T.C. is supposed to be "voluntary," such pressure is put to bear on the boys that few escape, and in some schools to join is compulsory, as I found out on making inquiries regarding a school for my son. The whole institution smacks of conscription, and is all the more shameful as its victims are boys too young to know much of the world.

Undergraduates are, fortunately, of an age to know better; and many come from homes which have been bereaved by the Great War. That they should protest against militarism in their midst is a sign of hope for the future. If war-mindedness is to disappear from our civilisation it must disappear from our educational system. AN UNDERGRADUATE'S PARENT

AN ELECTORAL REFORM

SIR,—Referring to your note on p. 623: Romford, with its potential 232,000 electors represented by one M.P., is only an extreme instance of anomalies all over the country, which no Redistribution Act can rectify so long as we stick to single member constituencies. The last Redistribution Act created nearly as many as it removed.

For instance, from 1885 Hoxton had one member and Haggerston (my old constituency) another. Each had a population greater than that of Stoke Newington, which, till then, had never had separate representation. But because its population (49,000) nearly reached the minimum standard (50,000) it was given a member, and because that of the two others (110,000) was slightly under the maximum they were deprived of one. In Parliament the small constituency counts for as much as the other two; but a voter in the one counts for more than two voters in the others.

No standard will equalise the value of citizenship, or prevent the disfranchisement in each constituency of nearly one-half always, and of as many as two-thirds sometimes, by the absurdity of the minority member. The contention that a member represents his opponents is absurd. Since 1910 no Parliament has been even approximately representative, and the present one is no more "National" than its predecessors. Recent by-elections prove both points.

The injustice could be remedied by dividing the total electorate at each election by 615; combining existing constituencies, say, three to seven, in one; allotting to each the number of members its population was entitled to; increasing or decreasing these automatically as population shifted; giving each voter one vote for one candidate only, transferable (not duplicated) at his own option. Thus every member would represent approximately the same number of electors; votes would have equal value; voters would have choice of candidates; no voter would be disfranchised; only tiny sections would go unrepresented, and Redistribution Acts with their inevitable inequities and anomalies would be needless.

H. G. CHANCELLOR

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THE DOLE

SIR,—With reference to the letter signed "A Social Outlaw," it would appear, from the facts stated, that your correspondent had not got sufficient stamps attached to his unemployment card, and therefore would not be entitled to benefit under the provisions of the Unemployment Act. The question of age—forty-eight years is no bar, as stated—and, further, the question of transitional payments would not arise, as he was not entitled to ordinary benefit. If he were in desperate circumstances whilst his case was being considered by the Ministry of Labour officials an application to the Public Assistance Officer, *i.e.*, Relieving Officer, would have secured for him immediate assistance until the next meeting of the Relief Committee, when an allowance would have been made to supply the needs of life and reasonable rent.

ERIN

MR. TURNER AND SIBELIUS

SIR,—It is at most times amusing, even when one's personal deities are affronted, to watch Mr. Turner at large in the musical Pantheon knocking off a nose here, a limb there. The public statuary of established reputation arouses him to a healthy and rectifying iconoclasm. But his attack on Sibelius lacks the accuracy of aim one has come to expect. The Finnish mask broods intact. In diagnosing neo-Grieg, Mr. Turner touches upon an element in Sibelius which must be obvious to any discriminating ear. The source of this element, clearly, is not feeble-minded cribbing on the part of Sibelius, but a nationalistic affinity. These considerations of emotional ancestry are, however, beside the mark. Mr. Turner, in judging Sibelius's music on the basis of mood-content, ignores its formal power and complexity which (as in *Tapiola* most notably) carry us into the world of abstract motion and interplay. And this world, as Mr. Turner should well know from his Mozartian ecstasies, far transcends the world of the *Peer Gynt* suites and other symbols of equivocal mood-music.

Having dared to suggest that Mozart and Sibelius are linked by a common principle, I admit that my offence is rank, but it may bring Mr. Turner (if he survives the shock) belatedly to realise that critical valuations based exclusively upon personal taste have their limitations.

CHARLES REID

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THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

SIR,—In her heavily flippant and would-be humorous notice of my recent study *The Werewolf*, Miss Sylvia Townsend-Warner remarks that: "In the notes to that chapter [I] there are seventy-three notes, all standing naked in the open air with no text to refer them to." Of this very definite if crudely expressed statement I would merely observe that it is entirely untrue. Notes one to seventy-three of my first chapter have their references duly marked in the text.

Although Miss Sylvia Townsend-Warner is so manifestly unable to keep her temper, she might even in her most vexed moments endeavour to be reasonably accurate. In view of this it seems all the more surprising that she should make merry over two misprints she has discovered. When her sight is as strained and as failing as my own perhaps she will not feel disposed to be so gleeful and so petty with regard to such mistakes.

Miss Sylvia Townsend-Warner further goes out of her way to suggest that I employ "a good useful devilling devil, who looks up references for" me. The inference is plain, and it is gratuitously offensive. I have never employed any "devil" or "ghost" to look up references for me. The suggestion is as uncalled-for as it is groundless.

As for the rest of her shrill and spiteful attack it has about as much bearing upon my book as her ridiculously impertinent title "Things That Go Bump in the Night" has relation to lycanthropy.

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

[Miss Townsend-Warner's reference to seventy-three notes "standing naked in the air" is explained by the fact that a defective copy of *The Werewolf* was sent to her for review. Sixteen pages were missing at the beginning of the book sent her. A chance mistake of the binder was thus attributed to Mr. Summers, to whom all apologies are due.—ED., *N.S.&N.*]

Miscellany

NOTES FROM A HAMPSHIRE HILLSIDE

I HAVE just bunged down the last cask of cider, making some 260 gallons in all. Considering the number of my trees, this is a small quantity; but then I can plead in excuse that neither my soil nor my situation lends itself to the growing of apples. Moreover, I cannot find the time, or afford to hire the skilled labour required, to keep my apple-trees as I know they should be kept. Still, 260 gallons will nicely meet the needs of my synthetic family until next year's vintage becomes drinkable, and leave a margin for gifts to the small number of my friends who appreciate a good cider when it meets their lips.

Cider is one of England's two national drinks; and I hope that, if ever a Fascist government establishes itself here, one of its acts of insular tyranny will take the form of compulsory cider-drinking. Not that I would have people drink what they do not like; but I am convinced that the relative unpopularity of cider to-day is due far more to unfamiliarity than to a dislike based on experience. For let no one run away with the idea that the average bottled infusion of apple-juice, pear-drops, and heaven knows what, often sold under its name, is within a hundred miles of being cider. If British cider, before being sold to the inexperienced public, had to pass tests comparable with those imposed on Danish butter, it would soon find its true place in the cellar of every epicure, however wealthy or however humble. "Although there is no Liquor, Drink, nor Diet alike pleasant to all, yet is there not any drink known to us so generally palatable as Cider; for you may make it sute almost with any humourous Drinker. It may be made luscious, by addition of a good quantity of sweet Apples in the first operation; pleasant, being made with Pippins or Gennet-royles only; racy, poignant, oyly, spicy, with the Redstreak, and several other sorts of Fruits, even as the operator pleases. And it satisfies thirst, if not too stale, more than any other usual Drink whatsoever."

Half a century ago, when I was a boy living in Somerset,

nearly every farmer in our district made cider; and nearly everyone, from squire to labourer, drank it. I remember, when I was about eight years old, walking round with my father in November to various farms having special cider reputation—mostly in the neighbourhood of Kingston, a village immortalised in the name of that celebrated cider apple, the Kingston Black—and tasting brew after brew; until, though my ration of each was measured in sips, my mind and the world about me were an indistinguishable maze. Eventually, a certain number of hogsheads were ordered of the vintage that my father thought the best.

I doubt if much of that sort of thing goes on to-day. Our cider manufacturers are doing their best to restore the popularity of our chief home-grown wine. Such success as they have attained is in a new direction. The better bottled ciders of to-day are, for the most part, drunk as economical substitutes for imported wines—the peculiar virtues of which are commonly as little appreciated as are those of the ciders which replace them.

Mine is not a great apple district, and I know of no one but myself within a radius of many miles who makes cider. Every year, tons of apples are allowed to rot; whilst the price of beer puts the only alternative popular beverage beyond the reach of thousands of Hampshire and Sussex men and women. Good cider used to be made round here. In his little book on Cider-making, Mr. Radcliffe Cooke quotes a manuscript verse, written in 1803 on the flyleaf of his copy of Phillips' banal poem, *Cyder*.

> Some people give perry and call it champagne,
> Not so gives of Petworth the rector;
> 'Tis cider he tells us his vessels contain,
> But on tasting it proves to be Nectar.

Public-spirited people who live in districts where apples are grown and wasted might ease their consciences by buying and setting-up a simple cider-mill and cider-press, and allowing the use of them, with or without the payment of a nominal fee, to their poorer neighbours. There is, of course, a mystery in cider-making, but it is a mystery easily mastered.

H. R.

GLUCK AT OXFORD

OXFORD is not entirely dead, but I have to tax my memory to recall when I last went to Oxford, drawn by some event worth making a special trip from London to see and to hear. But in the meantime I have been many times to Cambridge where the undergraduates as well as the dons are not in that state of suspended animation of which Oxford is so proud. Perhaps the dramatic activities of the Cambridge A.D.C. and of the Oxford University Dramatic Society may be considered to be equally mediocre, although I seem to remember more artistic crimes having been committed by the O.U.D.S. The worst crime that can be committed by either university dramatic society is that of producing any play by a well-known contemporary dramatist that has been successful in the commercial theatres of London, New York, Paris or Berlin. If the members of our two great universities have no better taste or judgment than the riff-raff of big cities then one can hardly see how their existence is justified. Cambridge has the Festival Theatre which caters for a lively and intelligent public, but Oxford has no theatre of this kind. The New Theatre is at present being rebuilt, but when it opens it will not provide for the special needs of the university, but only for those of the town in which, of course, members of the university may reasonably participate from time to time, but not to the exclusion of all other dramatic activity.

Amid the intellectual barrenness of this Oxford desert, it is therefore all the more creditable and welcome that the University Opera Club should have chosen Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aubis* for their production this year. This operatic masterpiece was first produced in Paris in 1774 when Gluck was sixty years of age. It remains to-day as fresh and vigorous as the day it was composed, and although it was surpassed even by the *Iphigenia in Tauris* which he composed a few years later, it is nevertheless one of the few great artistic experiences which the operatic form can give us. It was thus particularly pleasing to discover that the conductor, Trevor Harvey (B.N.C.) and the producer, Michael Martin-Harvey (Christ Church), had entered into the spirit of the work and succeeded in achieving a fine vivid representation. The choruses, made up chiefly of undergraduates from the men's and women's colleges, were extraordinarily good and could give points to many professional operatic choruses. The orchestra, again largely composed of undergraduates, but with a stiffening of professionals, was not so good, but gave on the whole a creditable performance which will no doubt improve during the week. There was no lack of spirit in the playing, and Mr. Trevor Harvey showed decided gifts as a conductor.

The principals were chiefly professional singers, with the exception of Patroclus sung by Edward Downing (Worcester), and Arcas sung by Basil Douglas (Magdalen). The most satisfactory all-round performance was Thomas Dance's Agamemnon, which was nobly conceived and finely sung, being as effective dramatically as vocally; in fact one rarely hears on the operatic stage so convincing and attractive a piece of work. Calchas (Frederick Wade) was well conceived if a little uneven in the rendering, and the same may be said of the Clytemnestra of Bertha Philips, who, however, rose magnificently to her great opportunity in the last act. I consider the scene in which she foresees the horrors of Iphigenia's execution to be one of the finest bits of dramatic composition in the history of opera. Besides the truth and vividness of this music what scene is there in all Wagner's operas that does not pale into insignificance! The Achilles of William Heseltine suffered from the fact that Mr. Heseltine has not the right character or expression for this role, but he sang very well indeed and I daresay that his performance is one that will get even better during the week's run. Miss Cecilia Green sang with real warmth and intelligence as Iphigenia. She gave me the impression of having had less experience than the others, and if this is so it would account for the excess of facial expression and gesture with which she marred what was an otherwise attractive and capable performance. Iphigenia, though tormented, should be calm and beautiful, superior to death and to all the evils of fortune, and she should make her superiority of character felt and should show no sign that she could get into tantrums as violently as Achilles.

The production of Mr. Michael Martin-Harvey had good points, chief among them being the grouping and general handling of the choruses. But he made very soon in the first act a terrible blunder that was almost sufficient in itself to convict him of having no proper dramatic sense. One of the dramatic beauties of the act is the way the first utterance of Iphigenia is prepared for. A time comes when she alone has not yet spoken, though she is present, and one eagerly awaits her opening words. But the producer allowed these to be completely masked by some superfluous and meaningless antics on the part of the chorus. A further blemish was the poorness and the quantity of the ballets. Gluck has written delightful music for these, and I would be averse from cutting them or even reducing them in number, but if they have absolutely no charm or merit from the dancing point of view, and in my opinion they had none—then it is better to dispense with them or cut them down to the barest possible minimum.

It was, no doubt, not Mr. Martin-Harvey's fault that he could not make attractive and accomplished dancers in a few weeks out of women undergraduates, but this reflects seriously on the Women's Colleges of Oxford. I know there are many people who think women ought to be taught history, mathematics, biology, economics, and other similar supposedly useful subjects. I am not one of them, but in any case I think that a certain proportion of women should be educated, not to be useful in the dry-as-dust way of men, but should be educated in the art of living so that they should be the reposi-

tories of true culture which they can hand on to their own or other people's children. Music and dancing are two of the subjects by and in which culture may be obtained. But is there a single Women's College at Oxford where music and dancing are the chief subjects? Is there a single Woman Principal of any Women's College, either in Oxford or Cambridge, to-day with the intelligence to discern and the courage to maintain that young women should be educated to be accomplished, beautiful and cultured rather than to pass examinations in the futile temporal and utterly ridiculous (for women!) subjects which form the ordinary university curriculum in these, the dark ages for women of Oxford and Cambridge?

W. J. TURNER

ALDOUS HUXLEY

THERE he stands—the arch-highbrow of modern times whose only counterpart (and he is, alas! now dead) was Remy de Gourmont.

The draughtsman has rightly given him books as a background, and suggested in his attitude an elegant lassitude. It is not the part of a caricaturist to draw our attention to physical beauty, and in the countenance of this distinguished writer (which is in fact singularly agreeable to look upon) Low has stressed the owlish spectacles and a certain intellectual pugnacity.

Mr. Aldous Huxley is "The Compleat Highbrow." No age but our own could produce that type in such perfection, for no other has offered so great a variety of interests to a detached intelligence. Physics, astronomy, psychology, physiology, anthropology, zoology—each science is supplying more ideas than any one man can pick up and use, if he is a writer, in his running commentary upon life. Never was it more difficult to conclude about anything, never more fascinating to continue to speculate; while bewilderment and insecurity put a premium on the pleasures of a pure curiosity. All this has suited him well. But is the curiosity of any amateur of ideas pure enough to stand in the long run such "rich confused feeding"?

It has been Mr. Aldous Huxley's distinction as a novelist to push the indulgence of intellectual curiosity very far indeed. He is the most widely cultured of novelists. He creates, but he is one of those who create in order to start thinking about his creations. He sets up a stage on which his figures are beautifully visible, and then, as it were from its wings, he flings upon them lights not only from the sciences but from the history of art, civilisation and philosophy. What is often disconcerting is the contrast between the richness of this illumination and the triviality of his theme. He has science in the blood, but not the serene confidence of the specialist that the proper end of man is to go on quietly correlating phenomena; for he is also a poet. He is far from believing in Science alone. It must never be forgotten that he began his career as a poet, and that if he had not quickly acquired fame as a novelist he would now be recognised as one of the most distinguished modern poets. It is usually towards the end of a novelist's career that his poetry, if he does write poetry, is seriously considered—*vide* Meredith and Hardy. Then, it often happens that his poetry is declared the important part of his work. This may happen even in his case. It has not happened yet, but Mr. Aldous Huxley is still surprisingly young—compared with the bulk and variety of his writings. The difficulty is to foresee for him any possible development. He seems to have been already subjected to every contemporary influence; he has swallowed all the poisons, all the stimulants, without turning a hair. He has travelled widely, and not only in the world of books. The mystical East has made him conscious of the vulgarity of the West; the Western world has shown him by contrast the horrid and absurd deficiencies of the East. He has remained the intelligent spectator of life who can point out fallacies in every philosophy, absurdities in every system of morals. In the age of Goethe he might have found stability; in his own he has achieved only a balanced oscillation. "What is sense in the sub-atomic world is pure nonsense in the macroscopical world. Logic compels us to draw one set of inferences from certain sense experiences and another irreconcilable set of inferences from certain other sense experiences . . . Science itself is no 'truer' than common sense or lunacy, than art or religion." Every human mood has a philosophy and morality appropriate to it; one is not more authoritative than another. As far as morals are concerned, since our moods change, let us allow our scale of values to change with them: "Do what you will." This may be a humiliating conclusion, but we can recover our self-respect by investing it in our intelligence: we may be aware of our oscillations and ironically amused at the contrasts. This is not the kind of philosophy which makes the world go rouud. It may serve a spectator, but it takes the heart out of the man of action. Besides, Mr. Aldous Huxley is himself a most discriminating and fastidious man; he cannot help preferring and distinguishing passionately. Though he cannot justify intellectually his discriminations, he cannot abstain from making them. He is not happy—except in the exercise of his intelligence.

The main pleasure of reading Mr. Aldous Huxley is derived from sharing, for the time, the play of that astonishingly flexible detached intelligence, which discourses in accurate limpid prose and, when occasion demands it, beautifully. The next pleasure is to follow the results of his talent for moral diagnosis. Here lay the source of his early popularity as a novelist. Wittily, remorselessly, vividly, he diagnosed the post-war generation; he sympathised with them and despised them. The falsifications of love by self-consciousness, the absurdities of acting according to theories which won't work, the futilities, too, of cleverness itself, have been his themes. This sceptic is also, willy-nilly, a moralist, and far from a merciful one

THE SICKERTS AND THE LONDON GROUP

TO say that Sickert is a nineteenth-century painter is redundant. The pupil of Whistler must belong to that century in which most of his life was lived. But it is true in another sense, in that Sickert's art has little connection with contemporary painting; it is far more nearly related to contemporary photography.

At Agnews they are showing something of his contribution to the growth of painting. For the most part, these works have been painted with tremendous verve and gusto, how, and of what, he pleased, for his pleasure, as indifferent to the temporary cult as to the ignorant mob. But if he has avoided the Scylla of inhibition, he has not been so fortunate with the Charybdis of amateurism. In many pictures he appears to be more intent on playing the game according to some whimsically formulated rules of his own than on winning (as a Frenchman would) outright. Nothing could be more typical of his amateurism than the frames in this exhibition, which are often so inappropriate as to make it impossible objectively to regard the pictures. These peculiarly English traits (of introducing artificial difficulties and not caring if pictures look their best) are all that has curbed his prodigious talents; for he is certainly a master.

The London Group

To-day the position formerly occupied by genre painting has been largely assumed by photography. This intrusion has narrowed the scope of the artist, and for the future he must paint, not to provoke a nostalgic illusion in the beholder and thus recall similar feelings on his part, but to produce (and in doing so he may either retain the outward appearance of representation, or may advance into pure abstraction) a significant arrangement of marks on the canvas.

Some section of the London group, made to think by the indifference with which their reminiscent genre paintings have been received, and ignoring the possibility of painting a

representational picture which may have abstract qualities, have thrown themselves in on the side of abstract painting. And although some of the older members have extraordinary misconceptions of the meaning of abstract painting, their policy has been justified, in that it has brought into prominence the work of two interesting painters. Of these Ivon Hitchens, whose aim is decoration rather than expression, is the less successful. His failing is a certain shallowness which seems to proceed from the fear of losing his pictures' early achieved charm. Such work is no match for Nos. 126 and 130 by Rodrigo Moynihan, which have been worked on till every stroke, every nodule of paint is intensely significant. These are curiously complete, one wonders whether they indeed present a promise or whether they are themselves the achievement. One feels that, of the two, Ivon Hitchens has more in reserve; he has not yet run the gamut of such luscious mannerisms.

None other of the "Abstract" painters has done anything new: John Piper (Braque) and Norah McGuinness (Lurcat), show some charming pastiches.

A few paintings with abstract qualities have slipped in among the genre section; I particularly like No. 82 by A. Devas, while in the same room a mediocre Sickert, redolent with associations, is yet more austere than its fusty neighbours. Nos. 89 by Eleanor Lockspicer and 206 by Thomas Carr have each an objectively romantic charm, though the latter is so ill-hung as to be almost invisible.

If the purpose of the artist were simply to bring to light the dim preoccupations of the sub-conscious mind, R. P. Bedford is a great sculptor. I feel, however, that some censorship is needed: not all the by-products of human beings are fit for exhibition, even at the London group.

C. J. Hopkins shows a torso in green stone: its tense (though unmechanical) simplicity of surface is particularly pleasing during the present phase of amorphous "pebble" sculpture.

In itself, it is a disappointing exhibition, becoming more and more dismal as one studies it, but for the first time in years it holds out a glimmer of hope for a renaissance in the London group.

GRAHAM BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Tudor Wench"

It is difficult to judge the genuine quality of either play or players at the Alhambra—as difficult as it would be to appraise the performance of a quartet on hearing it relayed through strong amplifiers. If *The Tudor Wench* is anything of a play at all, and of its kind it is by no means bad, it needs an intimacy and subtlety of playing such as the vast auditorium must necessarily deny it. Actually, the players seem rather too mistrustful of the acoustics, and are at times, even at the back of the theatre, a little too audible. No bedroom can ever have resounded to such sonorities of diction as did that of the young Elizabeth, cooped in the household of Sir Thomas Seymour. The plot is a somewhat sentimental attempt to "account for" Elizabeth's integrity of mind in regard to marriage by a romantic affaire—how significant the final "e"—with Fernando Aubrey, her youthful page. Supererogatory the thesis, and sufficiently romantic its development, with Mr. John Laurie performing wonders of robust bad-heartedness as Seymour, who encompasses the death of Aubrey without historical discovery. But Miss Beatrix Lehmann gives a beautifully intelligent performance as the queen-to-be, suggesting all manner of embryonic traits without once overstepping the bounds of adolescence. Miss Anne Esmond is admirable as her old nurse, but Mr. Derrick de Marney as Aubrey should severely discipline his voice (which is quite beautiful) and his eyes, which wander far too frequently.

"Cabbages and Kings"

Mr. Cyril Maude has returned to London, in a part which, if not exactly built for him, gives him ample opportunity for displaying the sort of bluff, kindly good-nature which never fails to win a generous response from an English audience. *Cabbages and Kings*, adapted from the Italian of Forzano by Emile Littler, is a pleasant, small play, dealing adroitly in the normal counters of theatrical currency, but enriched by the author's selection of a place and period peculiarly suited to a fairy-tale atmosphere. There is nothing impossible in a lovable old village priest's sudden preferment to cardinal, when he happens to be an uncle of Napoleon Bonaparte. Certainly, nothing impossible in his refusal of that preferment on discovering that the presence of His Eminence among his former parishioners in a little Italian mountain village provokes endless cupidities, jealousies and ruthless ambitions. And that is all there is in the play, unless one is inclined to take seriously a rather charming love-affair of the priest's god-daughter with a gallant French corporal, put in to ensure full theatre-measure. Cyril Maude enjoys himself—infectiously—to the full as Don Jeronimo, but the exciting moment of the evening comes when, as a monk, Mr. Randle Ayrton, subtle, sinister and insinuating, appeals to him for aid against the French, who are reasonably incensed against him for turning his monastery into a secret arsenal. Mr. Ayrton must never be allowed to leave London again—his perfect technique could leaven casts of one quarter the talent of that at the Ambassadors. Miss Eva Moore as the priest's housekeeper is deliciously, delicately funny at intervals through the evening.

"St. Joan" at Croydon

The Croydon Repertory Theatre's production of *Saint Joan* this week has many things to recommend it. Mr. Henry Cass, who is doing some notable work as producer at Croydon, has attended to details and his production is a model one for a small stage. Where Shaw's stage directions do not apply to a stage of this size he has avoided ingenuities and has gone straight for simplicity. This attitude is reflected in the admirable settings too. Miss Nancy Hornsby as Joan has a good grip of the part, seeing it as a whole and playing it with no other affectations than Shaw implies. The Dauphin is in the safe hands of Mr. Harold Scott. It is the perfect part, and Mr. Scott plays it perfectly, sometimes improving upon his evident model, Mr. Ernest Thesiger. The Bishop Cauchon of Mr. Howieson Culff is excellent also: full of the necessary suavity and reason. The play altogether comes to life. True, it never offers much resistance, for Shaw here uses his superb sense of the stage and what it will carry to the utmost; but a producer with no eye for detail can take the backbone out of it. Mr. Cass has made the intimate atmosphere at Croydon seem a positive advantage.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24th—
- Conference on Birth Control in Asia, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 5. And on November 25th at 10 and 2.30.
- R. S. Lambert on "Adult Education," Promethean Society, 39 Woburn Place, 8.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th—
- International Cycle and Motor Cycle Show, Olympia.
- British Women's Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Orloff, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Public Demonstration to welcome the members of the Far Eastern Anti-War Delegation on their return from China, Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
- "On the Rocks," Winter Garden.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26th—
- C. Delisle Burns on "Conflicting Interests and the Common Good," Conway Hall, 11.
- W. G. Cove, M.P., on "Employment of Children," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28th—
- Prof. W. M. Macmillan on "Bechuanaland (Tshekedi's Country) and British Trusteeship," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Frederic Towndrow on "The New Architecture of Holland, Denmark, Sweden and America," Morley College, 8.
- Elisabeth Schumann, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Laburnum Grove," Duchess Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29th—
- Public Meeting on "Slum Clearance or Slum Muddling?" Speeches by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, Clough Williams-Ellis and E. Maxwell Fry, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 8.
- Report of Economists' Tour in U.S.S.R., Dr. Margaret Miller on "Finance and Transport," Mr. Samuel Goldman on "Planning," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.15.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30th—
- Chrysanthemum Show, New Horticultural Hall.
- Councillor Percy Holman on "The Co-operative Movement and World Peace," Essex Hall, Strand, 7.
- "The Tempest," Cranleigg School, Guildford, 7.30.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I ENVY the fox-hunter not only for the simple courage which leads him to ride his horse at any obstacle and mount again after he has been battered to a jelly, but because the presence of danger sharpens his five senses, " the chief inlets of soul in this age," so that they speak loudly to him of beauty. Danger brings this sharpened sense, and though sailing a boat or landing an aeroplane in a rough wind, or even walking about on the roof during a thunderstorm, may be more harmless substitutes for war and bloodier revolution, the fox-hunter's way is more deeply satisfying to everyone except the fox. " Energy is eternal delight "—a gallop proves the truth of Blake's words, besides which the horse's hysterical excitement is infectious. There are few things more fascinating to watch than hounds at work puzzling out a line of scent; losing it, casting round, picking it up, and darting off while they give tongue with what sounds squabbling ecstasy to human ears, a music that, for us on foot, all too soon is fading out of earshot. To watch a single dog unravelling a trail by himself is even more instructive; he puzzles over so many points, zig-zags, then lifts his head and gallops for some distance before he gets into difficulties again. And if one sees him pick up the scent and start following it in the wrong direction, it is very hard to watch without wishing to give advice.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Budgett, ex-master of the Bicester and Warden Hill hounds, has not only had all the happiness of the hunter, unforgettable moments trotting down the sides of oak copses waiting for the hounds to break covert, but he has combined these with the even greater excitement of the scientist, and his *Hunting by Scent* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25*s*.) contains the result of much research work of the greatest originality and value. It is indeed very remarkable that practically no scientific work has been done in this field before, and chemists and physicists ought certainly to follow it up. A man can detect the smell of a skunk or the smell of fire for several miles if it is up-wind, and many people have held that hounds hunt a fox in the same way by the " body scent " left floating in the air. But, as Mr. Budgett points out, such a " body scent " would be rapidly blown down-wind, and hounds would follow not the course taken by their quarry but a line parallel to it. With a breeze of only ten miles an hour, after six minutes their line would be a mile off! But if it is not " body scent," what exactly does the hound smell? A bloodhound will follow a man walking across a grass field; it will continue to follow if he takes off his boots and goes barefoot; and an experienced hound will follow if he gets on to a bicycle, or mounts upon stilts with their bases stuck into glass bottles so long as he is walking over grass. Mr. Budgett's theories were so much shaken by this that he constructed an aerial transporter: a seat hanging from an overhead cable on which a man could be drawn suspended a foot or so over the surface of the earth without ever touching it. This defeated the bloodhound completely. The real explanation came when a weight was drawn over the grass starting from the point where the man had vanished. The experienced old bloodhound followed the trail of the weight. In that case the only common factor between the trails left by the man and by the weight was the odour of crushed grass, and numberless experiments prove that dogs take particular pleasure in hunting along such a scent. Incidentally, this explains why dogs will pick up the scent of a golf ball from where it drops and retrieve it. They actually prefer the smell of crushed grass (which is usually present in the track of a deer) to the smell of fox, which they have to be taught to follow.

* * *

> If a man is the quarry, the track consists of odoriferous particles left by his boots when walking, by his clothes when rubbing against high grasses or shrubs, and by his hands when opening a gate or touching a fence . . .

The odour is a compound of the smell of sweat with which his clothes and boots have become sodden, the smell of the leather and blacking of the boots and the smell of crushed grass from a field, or tar from a high road. In the case of human beings *individual* scent is due to a trail of minute particles of odorous liquid left by the quarry upon anything which he has touched. But if a barefoot man washes his feet in ether the hound trained to follow personal scent only is at a loss. Many of us have winded the trail of a passing fox, and it comes as a surprise that such a strong odour evaporates quickly and only lasts twenty or thirty minutes, while the smell of man lasts ten times as long.

> During daylight the individual and characteristic foot scent by which a hound can identify its runner does not last more than five hours. No hound can hunt a man after five hours of daylight unless it has learnt to follow the track of bruised herbage or some other scent such as leather or blacking, which is independent of the natural and distinctive odour of the runner.

Thus a hound trained to follow one individual and pick him out of a crowd, cannot follow a really cold line or track a criminal who has worn rubber boots or ridden a bicycle, while the hound which has been trained to follow a cold line, or rubber boots, is not following the individual scent of a man and cannot therefore identify him. A bloodhound has followed the trail of a man shuffling over grass after five days—but it was only following the smell of grass: any grass trail would do as well. Mr. Budgett has made an enormous number of experiments to determine the substances given off by man and different animals, and has examined microscopically the fluids, minute traces of which exude from the pads of foxes and hares, the slots of deer, hoofs of swine and horses, and oil glands of game birds. He has tried his bloodhounds on trails of old socks and clean socks fresh from the hosier's, and has studied such questions as " nasal fatigue," which prevents us from smelling an escape of gas after we have been sitting in a room with it for some time, and which is the reason why hounds take turns in following the scent, some running mute while others are in full cry.

* * *

But *Hunting by Scent* is by no means only a description of a series of experiments with tabulated results; it contains a vast amount of first-hand observation on animals and continual references to the work of others, for the author has read everything on his subject from Xenophon onwards, and it contains also some excellent anecdotes.

> The smell of some substances is said to be repellent to animals, and mixtures are sold for the purpose of keeping foxes away from the nests of game birds . . . it is interesting to soak a rag in the liquid and poke it through the bars of a cage where animals are confined in zoological gardens. A brace of foxes were treated in this manner, and one of them seized the rag and, after drawing it into the cage, proceeded to roll on it with obvious pleasure. The other foxes advanced to investigate the matter, whereupon a fight ensued and the victor carried off the rag in triumph to its den. My keeper assures me that these compounds are essential for the safety of sitting partridges and pheasants. I can only surmise the foxes are so busy rolling that the presence of the nest escapes their attention.

Such experiments were less popular in his family circle.

> On arriving home I opened the bottle containing butyric acid in the room where my family were sitting, with the result that a general stampede ensued; the dogs barked and the occupants hurriedly left the room.

By the time the reader has finished the book he will feel an affectionate friendship for the author, whose character comes out in such delightful observations as:

> It is almost pathetic to reflect on how many occasions people must have displayed their total ignorance of matters connected with scent to the hound which they were supposed to be training.

while he will feel a deep reverence for the old bloodhound, Hopeful of Hambrook, whose portrait shows him to have all the disillusioned majesty of a Lord Chancellor in wig and robes.

DAVID GARNETT

THE FATHER OF THE CIVIL SERVICE

Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

It is extraordinary that, although Pepys' diary has for over a hundred years been among the most popular of English books, there should until now have been no full-length biography of its author. Mr. Bryant's raising of Samuel after an interval of 300 years is, therefore, very welcome.

The present volume, the first of two, deals with the first thirty-six years of Pepys' life. From one point of view, this is the easier half to deal with, for the diary is an exhaustive commentary on its last and most important decade. Yet the diary is a constant challenge to the biographer, for in it Pepys himself has told the story of these ten years with a brilliance no biographer can hope to rival.

Few people, however, read the diary as the autobiography of a great administrator; the ideal bedside book, it is best read fragmentarily. Thus, most readers know the man familiarly and not historically; they know his delight in the pretty face or elegant figure of Mrs. So-and-so, or his opinion of this play or that person, but are ignorant of the importance of what he was doing on those occasions when he was "busy all this day at the office." The diary abounds with *minutiae* that obscure the structure. It is one of Mr. Bryant's achievements that, aided by the contemporary letters, he has reduced the streaks of the tulip to their essential design.

This design is the professional growth of the father of the Civil Service. Mr. Bryant does not neglect the delight in social pleasures which constitutes so large a part of the diary, but he makes it clear that this love was a thing apart in Pepys' life, and proves that once Pepys' career was formed no pleasure was allowed to interfere with its development.

The beginning of this career was as remarkable as the sequel. For the first two years of his employment in the Navy Office Pepys used his posts, which he had obtained by a sedulous dancing attendance upon Montagu, for the purpose of lining his pockets. Within five days of his appointment as Montagu's secretary he took "half a piece from a parson for recommending him to be a preacher in one of the State's ships," while his general attitude is neatly summed up in Mr. Bryant's statement that shortly after his appointment as Clerk of the Acts, "when Mr. Mann offered him £1,000 for his post, it made his mouth water, and he only refused it in deference to the objections of Lord Sandwich, who told him it was not the salary that made a man rich, but the opportunities of getting money while he was in place." He had no other interest in the service than that.

The change of attitude came, characteristically enough, from Pepys' absorbing curiosity. At a Navy Board dicussion in November, 1661, concerning Captain Holmes' failure to enforce the salute to the English flag, Pepys, to cover his ignorance of the practice, repeated what he remembered Selden to have said. To support himself he bought Selden's *Mare Clausum*, which, appealing to his love of history, awoke in him an interest in the Navy which altered the whole of his outlook. The energy with which he pursued this new interest is also typical. He systematically set himself to master all the details of naval administration, even taking lessons in mathematics that he might learn the mysteries of timber calculations; he worked early and late at the office, abstracting documents with a zeal that alarmed his colleagues, and quickly acquired an intimate knowledge of naval business which made him as a professional among dilettantes. And as his knowledge of the working of His Majesty's service grew, the greater became his indignation at the corruption he found, and the more passionate his desire to promote the efficiency of the fleet. True, he did not relinquish his own perquisites: in fact, one of his enduring delights was the steady growth of his substance from the handsome presents of merchants whom he had favoured with contracts, among them one of £300 a year from Alsopp, the victualler. Yet he was quite honest in his anger when he found that the ropes supplied to the fleet were old, rotten cables covered with new hemp, or that the merchants were charging more for timber than their contracts allowed. Moreover, the new contracts he arranged were more favourable than those he terminated. If his honesty was not impeccable, it must be remembered that in forgoing much of what he might have had he was doing what scarcely any other naval administrator had done.

Of the numerous reforms he attempted to introduce into the Navy, perhaps the most important was his attempt to regulate the victualling of ships, clipping the nails of the purser, that paragon whom Ned Ward describes as "the most excellent Alchymist in Nature, for he can transmute rotten Pease, and rusty Oat meal into pure Gold and Silver." He brought many administrative reforms into the Navy Office. In the earlier years of his service he trod gingerly, with due respect for the feelings of the powerful officers of the Navy, but, as his knowledge increased and he became indispensable to the service, he gained courage to scotch whatever snakes appeared. The zest with which this crusade was carried on is amusingly described in Mr. Bryant's picture of Pepys' campaign with his powerful ally, William Coventry:

> Under his reforming standard Pepys now enrolled himself. And as the jackal and tiger hunt together, so did Pepys and Coventry. First would the lesser terror go forth to spy out the nakedness of the land: then he would return to fetch his mighty ally to pursue and slay. Thus on a summer's day, when the morning's Board meeting was done, Pepys would clamber into Coventry's coach and drive with him to the Exchange, here to surprise a truant captain whose ship was already due at sea; then, the poor man sent flying in his fine clothes Thameswards, the two reformers would sit down together to a bite of dinner at the "Ship" tavern behind the 'Change. Thus refreshed, they would take boat at Billingsgate and descend on Woolwich, board a war-ship there—where "found all things out of order and after frighting the officers there, we left them to make more haste"—and then landing discover old Batten going about his Survey, "so poorly and unlike a survey of the Navy that I am ashamed of it, and so is Mr. Coventry." After that there would be a glorious hour or two in the Dockyard, measuring timber, surprising clerks in cheats and finding fault everywhere, until it was time to return home again.

This crusade was but part of his unceasing effort at the Office. With the growth of his knowledge of naval affairs, the whole cares of the Navy accumulated around him. During the Dutch Wars he bore almost singly the responsibility of administration, the recruiting of unwilling seamen, the settlement of strikes, the pacifying of seamen riotous because they were not paid. And when the principal officers were attacked by the Commons it was Pepys who defended the Navy at the Bar of the Commons and achieved that fleeting reputation for eloquence that made him resolve "not to make any more speeches while my fame is good—for fear of losing it." When the diary comes to an end, Pepys, despite the

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growing dimness of his sight, is still hard at work introducing administrative reforms.

The social life which forms so large a part of the diary is in this life very properly made subsidiary to Pepys' career. It is not neglected, however, for Mr. Bryant, while reducing the multifarious detail of the diary to a true proportion, contrives to transfer from it the zest for enjoyment, the sharp-eyed curiosity, the vitality, the genius for friendship, and much of the kaleidoscopic variety of Samuel Pepys.

One aspect of Pepys' social life is worth special mention. Mr. Bryant has been permitted by the authorities of Magdalene College to quote many passages of the diary which have hitherto been suppressed. This freedom has enabled Mr. Bryant to give a new and just view of Pepys' amorous pursuits :

> The strange intermixture of revelation and omission in Wheatley's edition of the Diary has left a false impression of the nature of Pepys' love affairs. For except for one or two, they were strictly limited in their scope. . . . To go beyond a certain point—albeit that sometimes his passions and the opportunity of the hour carried him further, leaving him afterwards humiliated in himself and despising his unfortunate victim—was shameful. Worse, it was dangerous.

Dapper Dicky had intimate relations with upwards of twenty women besides his wife, but he was no Casanova. He was born during the most vigorous period of Puritanism, of which his father, a " kindly, careful Bible-reading tailor," and his shrewish mother were adherents, while " most of the grown-ups who surrounded Samuel in his early years were of the same careful, pious strain." This " training of his childhood formed him against nature as a pioneer of the new—industrious, respectable and jealously watchful of his own integrity."

It is this early training conflicting with his natural tendencies that accounts for the strange inconsistencies of Pepys' character. That he should delight in drabbing and yet birk the ultimate issue of it, that his insatiable appetite for amusement should be frustrated by moral pangs, that he should combine a receptive hand with a reformer's zeal, or assault and betray his wife and afterwards be sincerely penitent, are not due to hypocrisy but to this fundamental conflict of education with inclination. W. MATTHEWS.

ESCAPE

Escape : A Book of Escapes of All Kinds. Edited with Introductions by F. YEATS-BROWN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Airman's Escape. By HERMANN KÖHL. Translated by CLAUD W. SYKES. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Prisoners and Captives. By W. O'SULLIVAN MOLONY. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Escape from the Soviets. By TATIANA TCHERNAVIN. Translated by N. ALEXANDER. *Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Escape is an affair in which the narration commonly falls short of the experience. Beware of telling of your narrow shaves to your friends unless the manner of them be highly original. It is the uncertainty of the issue that racks the soul, and this is an uncertainty that your hearer does not share, for he cannot fail to observe that you have survived to tell the tale.

Every escape must have a happy ending, and, as there are many who will read the works of those novelists only who are known to conform to the proprieties in this respect, escape stories should make a wide appeal. Indeed, it is questionable whether, in story or film, genuine suspense would be a popular success, or whether the audience might not react as did the Cambridge undergraduate attending lectures on the history of the Stuarts, who fainted away when the lecturer told of the execution of Charles I. He had believed till the last that he would get off.

Mr. Yeats-Brown has skilfully avoided the pitfalls in his path. There has never been an " omnibus " more obviously guilty of perpetual dangerous driving, but the drivers are true artists and they leave us at the end of the ride gasping, but happy. The stories are so well told that our enjoyment does not depend on reminding ourselves at every sentence that " this really happened," and is not constantly interrupted by the disturbing fear that possibly it did not. The tale that remains most vividly in my mind is that of Casanova, with his reprobate friar, digging his way out of the Leads in Venice, and it is the tale that lies most gravely under the suspicion of untruthfulness. With it I would couple the authentic memoirs of Latude. The story of his thirty-five years of captivity and his three escapes, his forty months in chains, his tame rats, his ingenious inventions for the good of France by which he hoped to win his liberty, his descent from a tower of the Bastille on a rope ladder made from the unravelled threads of the thirteen-and-a-half dozen shirts which he happened to have by him in his trunk, his touching and unbroken faith in human generosity, holds the reader enthralled. Poor Latude, his was a charming character ! When his gaoler ignored all his letters and petitions, " At last," he writes, " I enclosed in an envelope the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, and entreated him to arrange them into such words as should soften him towards me."

Mr. Yeats-Brown gives to the word " escape " a wide interpretation. For him the real theme of these 900 pages is the art of living dangerously. He is as full of admiration for those who escape into danger as for those who escape out of it. He includes escapes which, being viewed from the other side, show us the generous heroism of the rescuer, and others, again, which failed or brought only temporary freedom. In this way he secures variety. The book is arranged in reverse chronological order, beginning with the Great War and ending with Daniel in the lions' den.

The other three books on this list can be arranged in descending order of egoism. First comes Hermann Köhl, the German aviator, who escaped from the perils of war and from a French prison camp (nearly a year after the Armistice), and then made the first Atlantic flight from east to west. His book is full of entertainment, but it contains no character save himself, and it would appear that, to him, the war was a personal quarrel, and that he believed this fact was equally obvious to the French. Then comes Mr. Molony with his account of Ruhleben and Havelberg. He did not escape, and his one attempt was a fiasco. His book is full of characters—real persons under assumed names—but they are all viewed as influences upon himself or as gateways to new experience. He seems not to have realised that he was living in the middle of a rare example of the creation of social life out of chaos. But this is natural in one who was so young at the time, and, although he is often inaccurate in detail, he does succeed in capturing the flavour of that life as it appeared to a cultured, egoistic and neurotic young man.

Madame Tchernavin alone of these three pictures her own puny little struggles against the vast background of world tragedy, and she alone, in consequence, lives in our memory as a heroic figure. Her picture of the sufferings of a bourgeois intellectual who strove honestly to serve the Soviet Government is unforgetable, and it is probably accurate. But nobody will imagine that it is a picture of Russia. For the Russia she shows us is exactly parallel to Mr. Molony's concentration camps, with the intellectuals as prisoners and the Ogpu as guards. There are no citizens. So she, too, is, in her way, an egoist. Her view is not merely personal, but it is seen through the eyes of a class, or rather of a dying civilisation. Her position was peculiar. While her husband got a post in charge of a zoological laboratory, she worked in a museum. It was her duty to protect, to handle, to study and to explain to others objects which she loved for themselves and which made a doubly strong appeal as relics of a world that had already perished. It was hard to be shifted up and down " the museum front " at the will of an ignorant superior, but far harder to be accused and convicted of " wrecking " what she, almost alone, passionately longed to save. She and her husband were separately imprisoned. Their boy of thirteen was left alone to fend for himself. She describes vividly the horrors of the prison, the hysterical questionings by men explosive with a malevolence that drew its insane vitality from a burning faith. Her words ring true. This is what she really felt and saw. The picture is subjectively accurate.

When she visited her husband in his Arctic camp they knew they must escape. She collected provisions, secured a map and compass and returned in the summer. They had no difficulty in eluding their guards, but the long journey on foot, with the boy, through marsh and forest to the Finnish frontier was beset with dangers. It should have taken, at most, ten days. It took three weeks, for, as they crossed a bay of the White Sea in a boat, the map and compass which she had, for safety, tied into the handkerchief on her head, fell into the water and were lost. Their hopes sunk with them, but they went on. By day they were devoured by mosquitoes. At night they shivered in the bitter cold and did not dare to light a fire. Worst of all were the great swamps, vast areas of white moss against which their dark figures stood out in strong relief, and in which there was hardly a dry place to serve as a bed. They knew they were near the frontier, but they knew also that they were hopelessly lost. It seemed

CHARACTERS & COMMENTARIES

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JACK ROBINSON

By

George Beaton

"In my opinion, the author is a really great writer. I think, indeed, that the publication of this, his first book . . is by far the most exciting literary event of the year, perhaps of very many years." DAVID GARNETT in *The New Statesman* 7s. 6d. net

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CHATTO & WINDUS

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that they were doomed to perish of hunger and exhaustion in a friendly land. The last days were spent by the mother and son in a hut, waiting, almost without hope, for the man who had staggered out alone in a despairing effort to find help. Six days they were to wait, and it was on the sixth that they heard voices in the forest and knew they were saved. It is a story of the heroism not of an individual but of a family, a social atom, that seemed to have within it the strength by which civilisations have been made.

T. H. MARSHALL

BLESSINGTON-D'ORSAY

Blessington-d'Orsay: A Masquerade. By MICHAEL SADLEIR. *Constable.* 9s.

The situation, one might have thought, was simple enough. A young woman, beautiful and intelligent, but not in the first flush of feminine virtue, marries *en deuxième noces*, a rich, eccentric, kindhearted, middle-aged Irish peer, with a passion for building, private theatricals and second-rate works of Italian art. Presently, Earl and Countess are joined by an extremely handsome, floridly bewhiskered, very young and very ingratiating foreign adventurer, who accompanies them on the grand tour and, before long, at the husband's instigation, seals this three-cornered alliance by taking to wife his patron's school-girl daughter. . . . Here, at least, until the advent of Mr. Michael Sadleir's book, was the obvious interpretation of the Blessington-d'Orsay household. Alfred d'Orsay, we assumed, was, or at one time had been, Lady Blessington's lover; how much Lord Blessington suspected and saw, how much he encouraged or condoned, we should, of course, never know. The essentials of the drama were sufficiently clear —they were, indeed, somewhat commonplace; and the chief characters continued to attract our attention, because both the beauties, male and female, and in a lesser degree the accommodating husband himself, had talents and natural charm beyond the ordinary. Mr. Sadleir, however, thinks otherwise. To Margaret Blessington, the author of that shrewd and amusing book, *Conversations with Lord Byron*, he pays a generous tribute, even allowing a measure of praise to some of her later and more frankly journalistic efforts. Towards d'Orsay, his attitude is a trifle severe; the largest share of such whitewash as Mr. Sadleir feels justified in applying goes to Lady Blessington, and a few dabs are reserved for the middle-aged castle-builder; "le beau Alfred," poor Adonis, gets little or none. But then Mr. Sadleir's view of the household—and that view provides the thesis of his narrative—presents d'Orsay in a new and disgraceful light.

Blessington-d'Orsay is founded on three assumptions. All three are extremely daring, and not one of them lies within the biographer's power to substantiate. He begins by assuming that his heroine was an entirely sexless woman; married at sixteen to a drunken soldier, her sexuality, he asks us to believe, was crushed out of existence before it had time to develop. She became the mistress of a certain Captain Jenkins; in the fact that, after several years' intimacy, Captain Jenkins was prepared to hand her over to Lord Blessington, Mr. Sadleir, rather oddly, finds proof that their relationship was of a passionless, almost platonic, kind. The same thing, by the way, happened to Emma Hamilton; but no biographer has yet appeared to suggest that she was temperamentally frigid. It may well be true that Lady Blessington preferred friendship to love; except for d'Orsay's statement after her death that she had been, first and foremost, a mother to him, Mr. Sadleir has little evidence to support his theory; while he has still less for the assumption by which he follows it up—that d'Orsay was himself impotent, and that Lord Blessington was wildly infatuated with the handsome young man, whom he married to his daughter and legitimate heiress that he might have the pleasure of leaving him his immense fortune. Again, there may very well be a basis of truth in this theory; but although, in Mr. Sadleir's narrative, it begins as a theory, qualified and hedged about by conditional sentences, it very soon assumes the importance of an historical fact—with the result that a reader, who picked up *Blessington-d'Orsay* in the middle, might conclude that Mr. Sadleir relied on written evidence or recognised and widespread report; when, in fact, all he has to go on is ingenious, and perhaps plausible, conjecture.

The theory tends to grow and gather weight. Deductions as to the criminal levity of Lord Blessington's character are made from the shortness of the period that elapsed between the death of his male heir, Lord Mountjoy, and the signing of the codicil that gave his daughter and a large part of his property to the young man with whom (according to Mr. Sadleir) he was wickedly and wantonly in love. . . . "No mood of Blessington's, even a mood of gravity, could last for long; and it is to be feared," observes Mr. Sadleir, "that his recovery of heedless good spirits had a tainted source. . . . The fascination of the young man's beauty, which had earlier exercised a half-playful domination over the weak-minded Earl, now (one can only conclude) utterly enslaved him. Perhaps Alfred saw his chance and took it; perhaps Blessington in the grip of his crazy infatuation carried the youth by storm. Wheresoever the initiative and the fault, matters moved swiftly to an ignoble end." Now, presumably, one of Mr. Sadleir's reasons for supporting this hypothesis is that it helps to clear Lady Blessington of the common charge of marrying a helpless little step-daughter to her own dissipated and undependable *amant de cœur*. One might have supposed, on the other hand, that to marry a young girl to a lover of approved and tested ability would be a considerably less heinous offence than marrying her to one's husband's impotent favourite. And there is no doubt that, whatever the situation, Lady Blessington did not exert herself to prevent the match.

The method of *Blessington-d'Orsay* is, in short, very different from that of *Edward and Rosina*. The tone of discretion and restraint that characterised Mr. Sadleir's study of the Bulwer *ménage* has given way to a slightly more flamboyant and imaginative method of treatment. Granted that his version of his protagonists' life-story bears some resemblance to one of those archæological "reconstructions" of an ancient building, where small fragments of certainty are embedded in a façade of romantic conjecture, it must be admitted that Mr. Sadleir has written a very readable and entertaining book. The Lady Blessington he describes was a generous, affectionate, hard-working woman of the world who, though shunned by the majority of her feminine contemporaries, was admired, liked and respected, if not loved, by men as diverse as Byron, Landor, Dickens, Thackeray and Louis Napoleon. The early part of her life remains obscure; and Mr. Sadleir is perhaps unduly charitable in assuming that, under the protection of Captain Jenkins, she passed a youth of studious and dignified retirement. About the conduct of her middle years —except for the business, disagreeable whichever way it is looked

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at, of her step-daughter's marriage to Count d'Orsay—there is little on which a moralist could frown, while even a moralist would be obliged to allow her fortitude, a remarkable faculty of living her life with courage and dash. "There are so few," as she confessed to Bulwer Lytton—a sentence which Mr. Sadleir quotes on his title-page—"before whom one would condescend to appear otherwise than happy."

THE RIDDLE OF GERMANY

Nazi Germany Explained. By VERNON BARTLETT. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

An Eye-Witness in Germany. By FREDRIK BÖÖK. *Lovat Dickson.* 6*s.*

Why does Mr. Vernon Bartlett repeatedly apologise for this very warm-hearted and able attempt to build a solid bridge of understanding? It is as if he were, all along, apologising to himself for shaking hands with someone against whom all his instincts rebel. It seems almost ungrateful to offer criticism of a piece of work which could only achieve its object by keeping within the limits of a popular brevity. Yet Mr. Bartlett's account of National Socialism seems to me to omit one or two essential points. In the first place, I am not altogether happy about accepting as orthodox Hans Zehrer's exposition of Nazi economics, for Mr. Bartlett admits that he is an intellectual in disgrace; he is, moreover, a keen Protestant. In the broadest terms the National Socialist Revolution was surely a rural revolt against urban standards, the country rising up against the town. "Back to the land" is a fundamental, and this requires emphasis because more land will be needed for the new settlers than comes within Germany's frontiers to-day. Again, I look in vain for enlightenment in the matter of the *Führer Prinzip*, which claims to have replaced, by reversing, the political structure of democracy. It is obviously unjust to make a final pronouncement upon its operation up to date, but the confusion created by contradictory commands since Hitler came into power has seldom been outdone under parliamentary regimes.

I must confess that I closed this book with a more than usually helpless feeling of "The pity of it," and all the paradoxical questions that most worry me remained unanswered. Are we, for instance, to regard the Germans as really different from ourselves? This is enormously important. In one place Mr. Bartlett writes: "the vein of sadism runs deeper in the German character than in that of most other peoples;" but elsewhere he finds differentiation unjustifiable. When one tries nowadays to explain to a German that all the uniforms and drilling inevitably suggest war as the ultimate goal, he exclaims, "That is absurd; this is our way of living, just as you play football." But the matter cannot rest there. Why is it their way of living? Can one live in that way without inviting, and indeed glorifying, its logical conclusion, war? Is it possible that those seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Hohenzollerns, in binding together a new and traditionless society, were able to cast ordinary flesh and blood into a peculiar mould? From a different angle the Nazi racial creed itself justifies and emphasises differentiation. This brings me to another riddle: Is it possible to believe in the superior quality of your own race and not to desire—indeed feel it your duty to further—its political domination over others? "The closest analogy I can conceive," Mr. Bartlett writes of this racial religion, "is that of the Catholic Church which, once a great temporal Power, has long since concentrated on conquering minds instead of land." Surely because it has lost its temporal power. Political ambition invariably expands with the possibility of realising it, and that is why other men fear any sort of concession to a Germany which is conscious of its racial mission.

The brutalities of National Socialism, of which Mr. Bartlett is painfully aware, need not here be emphasised afresh.

What he ignores, except perhaps in dedicating his book to the *Stammtisch* at the *Taverne*, are the despicable trickeries which seem to be as inseparable from the Nazi system as the military show. Some day the story must be told of the duel between the Nazi Government and the most distinguished members of the foreign press who have refused to be blackmailed or bludgeoned into circulating Nazi lies. In *An Eye-Witness in Germany*, Mr. Böök is merely ridiculous on this point; "the correspondents come to Germany like ravening wolves seeking prey," he writes. In the same vein he abuses Gide and Aldous Huxley for their anti-Hitlerism. He seems more aware than Mr. Bartlett of the ecclesiastical struggles now going on in Germany, but beyond finding Hitler's ideas very close to those of Carlyle, Mr. Böök has little to tell his readers. He is convinced that only treaty revision can save Europe from war, but gives no indication of the degree of revision he envisages, nor how it is ever to be agreed to. On this point Mr. Bartlett is not explicit; indeed Mr. Lewis Einstein, in his letter to the *Times* on November 18th, appears as one of the few people who can look this problem in the face.

Even where Mr. Bartlett seems sure of himself, one cannot always feel convinced by him. ". . . the dictator," he says, "runs a better chance than his democratic colleague of checking and calming public opinion at a time of crisis." What dictator, one feels tempted to ask, would have allowed Mr. Bartlett to speak his mind as he did on the night Germany left Geneva? "I believe passionately that modern methods of warfare make the destruction of civilisation so certain that every patriot should be a pacifist." In Germany, men are put into concentration camps for holding this opinion. Is Mr. Bartlett then merely muddle-headed, or, as I prefer to think, is he heroically magnanimous, in pleading Germany's cause? E. W.

FOR MY GRANDSON

For My Grandson. Remembrances of an ancient Victorian. By the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bt., K.C., etc., etc. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Early in this book the author remarks that Whewell and Brougham were the last men who could cover the field of European letters and science. Sir Frederick and his contemporary, the late Lord Moulton, have gone far in the same direction; it was Sir Frederick whom Charles Eliot Norton described to me thirty-five years ago as almost the last representative of "the old broad culture." As classical scholar, jurist, parodist, mediaeval historian, linguist, biographer, and philosopher he has adorned whatever he has touched, though he has always been more honoured outside his own country. The ordinary British reader will perhaps be more impressed by the chapters in this book which deal with volunteering, mountaineering, canoeing in Canada, and an article on fencing by "the oldest *practising* member of the London Fencing club"—to-day on the verge of his eighty-eighth birthday! This is still the recreation of an Editor of the Law Reports, who little thought that in that capacity he would find his "little Sanscrit and moderate acquaintance with Persian of appreciable use in checking the more enormous faults of copyists and printers that often threaten to disfigure proper names and technical terms in the Indian Appeals series."

The range of reminiscence in this book is quite out of the ordinary in time, while in space it comprehends intercourse with Renan and other continental scholars, as well as with Canadian and American lawyers and philosophers. The author is not, as might be expected, an undiscriminating *laudator temporis acti*, for indeed he seems to prefer Edwardian to Victorian amenities. Nor has the writer of *Leading Cases* lost the sprightliness which emerges in his criticism of a biography of Edward FitzGerald by A. C. Benson:—

> Said A C B to E F G—
> How sad to see
> That E F G
> Was not like me:
> How could that be?
>
> Said E F G to A C B—
> Because, you see,
> An E F G
> Like A C B
> Would not be Me—
> And U B D!

The interesting chapters on music and the theatre are also light in touch. There are perhaps only two persons—both dead—who might complain in the next world of allusions to them in a book full of learned and just commentary. Jane Austen might reasonably complain of being called "prudish," and even if she were, her work is quite distinct from that of the literary prudes of the early Victorian period. Again, the later work of Charlton Bastian on the subject of spontaneous generation is not mentioned, yet it was important in spite of Tyndall's early attack on him, and more will be heard of it as time goes on.

It is a pity that the biographical essays on Bryce, Clifford, Ilbert, Leslie Stephen, and FitzJames Stephen, which are now buried in old periodicals, should not have been made a companion

volume to this book, for Sir Frederick's memories of these worthies —especially Leslie Stephen—are quite as worth reading as those of Renan and Meredith. However, it would be ungracious to complain of a volume so full of illuminating wisdom and so free from prejudice of any kind. E. S. P. HAYNES

THE EMPIRE BUILDER

The Milner Papers: South Africa, 1899-1905. Edited by CECIL HEADLAM. Vol. II. *Cassell.* 30s.

To many people acquainted with conditions in South Africa to-day, Mr. Cecil Headlam's opening remarks about the issues of the Boer War will read like a bad joke. If it is true that the war was a clash between the progressive type of civilisation, "rooted in the principles of representative self-government and protection of the natives" and a "backward and repressive" system "rooted in the principle of a despotic minority rule," then the result of the war was certainly a victory for the Boers. It is a pity that Mr. Headlam mars editing, which on grounds of clarity, arrangement and selection is unexceptionable, by the traditionally English desire to moralise a completely amoral struggle for power. The honest British case for the Boer War is that it is in the nature of an imperialistic nation to support its capitalists when they go abroad in search of raw materials and markets, and that this support, which is at first diplomatic, must be followed up by military action in cases where the rulers of the "backward" people whose wealth is being exploited prove awkward and obstinate. No one doubts that Kruger was both, and no one who reads the story of Rhodes or the correspondence between Milner, Chamberlain and others in this volume will have the slightest doubt what the issue really was. Quite simply it was whether the Boers or the British were to control the vast natural resources of South Africa.

Having said so much it should be added that Milner himself was a much wiser and more farsighted man than either his adversaries or his friends. He did not pretend that the object of the war, which his diplomacy did so much to bring about, was the "protection of the natives." His primary desire was that the Union Jack should fly over the whole of South Africa "from Cape Town to the Zambesi," and he treated with utter contempt those "pro-Boers" (Mr. Headlam accepts and himself uses this misleading term) who wanted a negotiated settlement, or thought that the Transvaal should retain its independence, and who wanted the Boers to be on an equality with the British immediately after the war. "The *ultimate* end," he wrote as early as 1899, "is a self-governing white community, supported by *well-treated* and *justly governed* black labour"—in this he was miles ahead of the Boers or of later South African practice. In time, he urged, the white races should be put on an equality, which would mean, he thought, that the "English must prevail, though I do not think, and do not wish, that the Dutch should altogether die out." The Boers were not to be exterminated, but "just beaten, then well treated" and then they would be "peaceful enough." He was quite justified in saying in a letter to Chamberlain:

> Where I perhaps differ from some of my friends is in a tendency to look ahead—in the habit of trying to form a mental picture of the time when those who have been our enemies in the past, and many of them who are our enemies even to-day, will no longer be our foeman, but fellow citizens, and many of them, I believe, sound and true ones.

Writing to Mr. Haldane, he expressed his mind even more fully. He believed that in the South African war the whole future of the British Empire was at stake: "We have to fight hard for our position all round, and not only with arms. A great effort is required all round, and *great seriousness*."

Because Milner was a far-sighted and conscious imperialist he was able to exercise great patience and great skill in his difficult post. He was even able to restrain himself with the exasperating Schreiner because he knew he must not quarrel with the "loyal" Cape Dutch. In private he raged because "the place simply reeks with treason." He seems never to have asked himself whether a Boer in the Colony during the war might not with equal justice be accounted a "traitor" if he failed to support his countrymen in their unequal battle with the British. But he did his best not to give the Cape Dutch cause to be rebels. He suffered even more from the stupidity of the British generals, only complaining of the "avalanche of military incompetence" when Buller's utter incapacity was beyond dispute. Later when Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had won in the field and were slowly tackling the difficult problem of guerilla warfare, Lord Milner did his best to defend the desperate expedient of first burning farms and then putting their inhabitants in concentration camps. In private, however, we find him admitting that the whole system had been a mistake, that he would "never have touched the thing" if he could have foreseen that "the soldiers meant to *sweep the whole population of the country* higgledy-piggledy into a couple of dozen camps." He agreed that the mortality which resulted from this rough and ready method was "frightful." It is a measure of Mr. Cecil Headlam's limitations as a commentator that he should dismiss with contempt the great work of Emily Hobhouse in exposing the true state of affairs in the camps and that he should defend the camps on the ground that the alternative was to leave the women and children "homeless and starving." He writes:

> It was entirely within their military rights for the British to leave them to their fate. If they had done so, the resistance of the Boers would probably have collapsed. But with quixotic humanity, the system of refugee camps was extended to the families of the fighting Boers. There they were fed, clothed, housed and educated.

Similarly when after the war the House of Commons passed what was in effect a vote of censure on Milner for sanctioning the "flogging of Chinese coolies in breach of the law," Mr. Cecil Headlam describes this resolution as a "mean and pitiful exhibition of party spite." Here again my complaint is not that Mr. Headlam defends Lord Milner, but that he does not even attempt to understand the anti-imperialist case. To me the story recorded so vividly and with such detail in these letters is a sordid story, not because Milner was a sordid man, but because the imperialistic objects he served with such devotion seem to me in themselves sordid. I do not believe that power, prestige and the conquest of rich territory justify war. I can respect Milner's qualities, but to respect his work one needs, I suppose, the sort of mentality exposed in a letter which Lord Selborne wrote to him during the defeats of the first few months:

> I think we were getting a bit too exalted and self-reliant, and therefore I believe that this temporary anxiety and humiliation is a merciful discipline which will do us a great deal of good in the long

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To make the Boer War a great and glorious affair I see that one needs to be sure that God is always on the side of the Empire and the big battalions. KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE TRAINED ADMINISTRATOR

The Logic of Industrial Organisation. By P. SARGANT FLORENCE. *Kegal Paul.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Sargant Florence has attempted in this volume a realistic survey of the present tendencies of industrial organisation in Great Britain, and has added to his survey a number of recommendations for necessary reforms. These recommendations do not amount to any fundamental criticism of the present business order, or include suggestions for its reconstruction on any radically different principle, but only proposals designed to improve its working along existing lines. Professor Florence begins by discussing the conditions under which large and small-scale operation work in modern industry, coming down strongly on the side of large-scale organisation and closer industrial combination in the case of the greater industries. He then proceeds to a discussion of the conditions existing between producer and consumer, throwing salutary doubts on the ideas of those economists who regard the pricing process as the result of forces in which consumers' demand is in fact the final determinant. Thereafter he deals in more detail with the structure of modern industry from the standpoint of the various classes of persons engaged in it, and attempts to analyse the nature and working of the stimuli which the present economic system applies to each of the main groups on which industrial efficiency depends. This survey, while it contains many pieces of interesting and acute observation, consists rather of a series of *obiter dicta* than of any comprehensive or systematic account. In discussing the various types of industrial administrators and their relative efficiencies under modern business conditions, Professor Sargant Florence comes down heavily on the side of the professionally trained administrator as against either the family head of a business, or the ex-technician, or again the self-made man. Consequently, when he comes to discuss the future he expresses a strong faith in the value of professional education for the performance of administrative tasks—that is to say, of a higher degree of specialisation for the administrative class. He does not discuss the effects of such a system on the possibilities of promotion for the workers lower down the industrial scale, or its importance as a potential factor in the creation of economic discontents. His book as a whole is at once stimulating and disappointing. Drawing largely upon the recent literature about the problems of industrial management and scientific business organisation, he yet fails to bring these materials together at all adequately into an economic synthesis. Indeed, the book too often reads rather like a course of lectures delivered to not very advanced students than as a finished work.

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MURDER AT HOME AND ABROAD

The Eel Pie Mystery. By DAVID FROME. *Longmans, Green.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death of the Home Secretary. By ALAN THOMAS. *Benn.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Campanile Murders. By WHITMAN CHAMBERS. *Appleton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Murder is Easy. By ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON. *Skeffington.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Townsend Murder Mystery. By OCTAVUS COHEN. *Appleton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Crime Unlimited. By DAVID HUME. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

I had only read one of Mr. David Frome's previous detective stories, but it made a strong impression on me at the time, and I opened *The Eel Pie Mystery* with considerable confidence as well as considerable misgivings. In the event both were perfectly justified. A well-planned, admirably written, and exciting plot worked up a fine pitch of enthusiasm. The revelation of the murderer's identity was dramatic; the selection by the author of that particular character to commit the murder was masterly; but the *reason* given for it is an insult to the intelligence. I recommend the book, I cannot help recommending it for its many merits, but I hand over Mr. Frome to the bitter reproaches of all his admirers for his lack of staying power. It was exactly the same in *Mr. Simpson Finds a Body*, where he flattered only to deceive. The title has no connection with the ballad of Lord Rendel, but refers to the finding of the body of a singularly attractive and immoral young woman on a sandbank of Eel Pie Island in the Thames off Twickenham.

Death of the Home Secretary is readable but not distinguished. It belongs to the commonest species of the detective story genus, the *Much Ado About Nothing* type, wherein the real criminal pops up in the last chapter and is convicted either out of his own mouth or on previously suppressed evidence, while the rest of the book is devoted to tracking down a dummy by a chain of incriminating coincidences, in which neither the police, the author, nor any but the most inexperienced readers can get up any real interest. These books provide a psychological game, however, between the reader and the author. Of all the flitting figures in the background, which will the author pick on to unmask as the murderer? Or will they all be a blind and the villain arrive unannounced from Surbiton? Mr. Alan Thomas lost his game to me this time in the first fifty pages.

The three American detective stories vary widely in conception and even more in style. *The Campanile Murders* has one very ingenious and, so far as I know, original idea, and for that alone is worth reading.

> Very deliberately she raised her arm. She struck him across the mouth with her open hand. He met her eyes for an instant. "O kay," he said quietly,

is a sample of the style and *tempo*. As in all these American books there is much scurrying to and fro and unnecessary violence, which can be skipped.

Murder is Easy is less rough in treatment, but harder to skip. There are murders and detection, but the solution is provided by the actions of the guilty rather than the discernment of the powers of justice. The jacket calls it a thriller and is not far out. The scene of action is the inevitable luxurious country house, this time close to the seashore on the East Coast of the United States. This provides two novel forms of demise, the first by diving and the second by crabs, or nearly by crabs.

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The Townsend Murder Mystery is an American serial play, written for the radio originally and now literally reproduced in book form, the whole thing being in dialogue with occasional noises off. I can form no conception of how it may have sounded to the ear night after night and week after week, but to the eye it has many defects. Instead of condensing the action, as might be expected, the dialogue form leads to tedious explanations and endless repetitions, and the serial form to the dreariest recapitulations of what has gone before. The best feature in this formidable tome is the comic relief supplied by the negro servants. Their patter is sometimes very funny, and I was not surprised to learn that it was by his Southern humour that Mr. Cohen originally made his reputation in America.

Crime Unlimited is an English thriller about an organisation of thieves directed by a mysterious master-crook. These crime thrillers' only difference from each other lies in a mysterious quality analogous to sex appeal. Either you fancy them or you don't; and one's own fancy, though it has a correspondence with one's next-door neighbour's, yet rarely coincides in appraising the same individual. *Crime Unlimited* pleased me very much. I even became excited in unmasking for myself the super-criminal before the police got him. But it is a *roué's* taste; there is nothing in the plot or the telling for those whose taste is for subtlety and sophistication.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

SHORTER NOTICES

A Shade Byronic. By JOHN NORTH. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The ghost of Mr. John North's fantasy is more eccentric than horrific. With his shuffle, his green jacket, his old volume of Scott, he is hardly more extraordinary than many of the figures that rifle dust-bins and collect under Charing Cross bridge after midnight. He is only one of the ghosts, dead or living, who haunt the Kensal Green cemetery, and he passes unnoticed in an A.B.C. That this odd pathetic little creature, who never speaks and who eats cold potatoes and drinks soda-water, should be Byron himself, returned to savour the details of one unimportant day in his life, is the assumption of Mr. North's fantasy. He even attaches him to an energetic spinster, to whom for a couple of days he plays the part reserved usually for a stray dog or a tortoise that has crawled in from the next garden. The adventure, exciting but never uncomfortable, is pleasantly worked out on these lines. The ghost is shabby like his surroundings, the famous limp, now an echoing shuffle, is lost in the traffic.

The Life of Katherine Mansfield. By RUTH ELVISH MANTZ and J. MIDDLETON MURRY. *Constable.* 10*s.*

A book-title may suggest, or it may define, its volume's contents. Where the latter, surely it should at least attempt exactitude. Katherine Mansfield matured relatively late. Her first book, *In a German Pension*, appeared in 1911, but her really characteristic work was all done in or after 1917, in the last few years of her life. Of that mature Katherine Mansfield this present record has practically nothing to say. Miss Mantz and Mr. Murry show her in the becoming, but for the being we are referred, a little perfunctorily, to the already published *Letters* and *Journal*, though both are admittedly incomplete. There is, for all that, real interest in this history of her childhood and adolescent development, mostly in a New Zealand environment from which she increasingly desired to escape, though later she was to return to it again and again in much of her most notable work, dwelling upon its minutest details with a loving particularity. As a portrait of an artist in the making, it is certainly illuminating, and succeeds in showing, as it sets out to do, "how deeply rooted in her own country was her genius," but it remains something too much of the prologue without the play. It contains matter essential to a complete understanding of its subject, but as a "Life" it is both unbalanced and deficient, while the earlier chapters in particular badly need compression.

CRUISING

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About Motoring

CHOOSING COACHWORK

As many readers are buying new cars during the next few months and most manufacturers offer a choice of several bodies, a discussion of coachwork should be timely. The first debatable point is colour. Modern tarred roads carry very little dust, and the old objection to dark enamels—black, royal blue, claret, and the like—is dead. On English by-lanes and some continental main roads these colours certainly still show up a fine coating of dust. But dust is easily hosed off, and current celiulose finishes do not suffer if washing is delayed, or performed at longish intervals. So we are no longer forced to select a stone-grey finish which will not reveal a film of dust too glaringly. All the light finishes—turquoise, greys, lemons, whites, and their fellows—should be relentlessly eschewed unless the car is to be washed daily. The speed of modern traffic is too fast for insects. On a long drive hundreds of insects will be crushed to death against the front silhouette of a car; and on light-coloured coachwork every single insect will deposit an ugly stain. Therefore, a dark colour is the only decent alternative to the daily wash. The open car is practically dead. It has yet to be furnished with the perfect convertible top, though two or three of the more expensive versions are a trifle better than their predecessors. In torrid countries a roof is needed for protection against the sun; in western Europe a roof is needed for protection against rain, snow and wind. The chief objection to a closed body is that the roof and side-pillars hamper the outlook when the car is traversing fine scenery; but this drawback is immaterial, compared to the noisiness and inconvenience of most removable tops. Sliding roofs are never worth an extra charge, though they may be tolerated when they are included in the standard price; they are seldom of real value, now that efficient ventilation is provided by other means. Efficient ventilation implies a fume-proof front cockpit, roof ventilators, and louvres which allow the side windows to be opened an inch or two without admitting rain or draughts. A two-door body is always and inevitably inferior to a four-door body. In certain accidents a car can hardly have too many means of exit. In normal use the two-door body is inconvenient. Four narrow doors make a much better constructional job than two wide doors; and a pair of very wide doors are always a source of trouble. Footwells to the rear cockpit have not a friend in the world. They are compulsory nuisances to two types of owner. If an owner needs a very low car, which can be cornered fast in safety, he must usually tolerate footwells; and this device is inseparable from the very small four-seated saloon on a very stumpy chassis. Nobody ever dreamt of putting footwells on a Rolls.

I wish I could advise buyers to turn down every car which has nickel-plated fittings in its interior; but I do not know a single standard car which is free from this fault. Fault it is, because the nickeled parts will tarnish unless they are polished at short intervals; and the polishing paste or powder or liquid is not good for polished woodwork, in which such nickeled parts are often

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mounted. We all neglect our plated details now that the large plated components on the outside of the car are finished in chromium; but we cannot safely neglect nickel, and a myriad of small nickel fittings continues to disfigure almost every car on the road. There is no real objection to pneumatic upholstery. It can be inflated to any degree of hardness, at the owner's whim, and its valves seldom leak. It is much better than cheap stuffed or cheap spring upholstery, and gives very little trouble indeed.

The best cheap body is unquestionably the welded-steel pattern. It is usually expensive to repair, but repairs are covered by insurance. It does not develop as many creaks and grindings as a composite body of the cheaper qualities, and it offers fair protection in a smash. It is hotter in summer and cooler in winter than some of its rivals, but the difference is not serious.

Cars remain almost stationary so far as provision for luggage is concerned. The ideal is that a shapely body should contain a hidden locker, fitted with tight-nesting cases adequate for the gear of a full crew. There is hardly a car on the market of which this can be said. The usual alternatives are a naked stern grid, to which assorted trunks can be fixed with some exertion, becoming soiled in the course of a day's run, and transferring their dirt to the user's hands and to bedroom floors; or an enclosed locker in which two or three small suitcases will dance the devil's tango all day. Some of these lockers possess lids which can be lowered to serve as grids; these lids may or may not possess cleats to which straps can be securely attached. If a car is equipped with a grid, ten pounds, more or less, will purchase a fitted nest of trunks with sound mechanical attachments. These nests disfigure cars, but they do not spoil its looks more than do assorted trunks, insecurely strapped beneath a waterproof sheet. The spare wheel should preferably be stored out of sight. Direction signals permit the driver to keep the near-side front window closed in bad weather, a great asset in really foul weather with the wind blowing from the right; the best direction signals are wired with a series light inside the cockpit so that the driver knows without looking overboard whether his signals are functioning correctly or at all. Reversing is best done by a driver who looks over his left shoulder; his task is facilitated if the stern panel contains a really large window, and a reversing lamp is provided. The reflex mirror is best mounted outside the car; if it is placed inside, the driver may not legally use his stern blind, and his passengers' heads will frequently knock the mirror askew, so that it does not register on the window. A roof net for parcels is much more useful than cubbyholes and door pockets, but naturally cannot be fitted in very low cars. Armrests between the back seats are desirable, and the front seats should be separate, and adjustable; a single bench, fore or aft, pleases nobody but very new lovers.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 48.—THE THREE GOLFERS

In a recent three-ball match on the Foozledown Links Robinson beat Jones by 7 up and 6 to play, but lost to Smith on the last green. Jones won his match against Smith by 3 up and 2 to play, but was 2 down on the bye. Each of the last six holes was halved by at least 1 pair, and Jones's score for them was 1 better than Smith's and 4 better than Robinson's. On the whole round there was never more than a stroke between Robinson and Jones or between Robinson and Smith at any hole, and Jones's score was 80.

What were the scores of Smith and Robinson, what was the state of their match on the completion of the 12th hole, and how did Jones stand with Smith at this point? Also, how many of the first 12 holes did Robinson halve with Jones, and what did Smith do at these holes and at the remainder in relation to the other two?

PROBLEM 46.—PENNY POST

At the end of February each boy had $1 + 2 + 3 + \ldots + 9$, or 45, new pennies, which when new weigh 15 oz.

If the packing material of one package weighed x oz., from (3) $5x = 15 + x$, whence $x = 3\frac{3}{4}$ oz., and a whole package $18\frac{3}{4}$ oz., the postage on which, by either letter or parcel post, is 6*d*.

The stamps available to make up this amount are, in halfpence, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12.

The possible combinations totalling 6*d*. in value without duplication are:

12 ..... impossible for condition 1
10 + 2
8 + 4
8 + 3 + 1
6 + 4 + 2
6 + 5 + 1
6 + 3 + 2 + 1
5 + 4 + 3 must be Cyril from condition 6
5 + 4 + 2 + 1

From condition 2, Thomas must have used 2 stamps, and Herbert and James 2 and 4 stamps, not necessarily respectively, and the only possible combinations for these three are:

Thomas 10 + 2; Herbert 8 + 4; James 6 + 3 + 2 + 1.

Of the other combinations, 8 + 3 + 1 is the only one containing a 3 (= threehalfpence), and this is therefore John's.

The answer is therefore:

Cyril	.. ..	2½*d*., 2*d*., 1½*d*.
Thomas	.. ..	5*d*., 1*d*.
Herbert	.. ..	4*d*., 2*d*.
James	.. ..	3*d*., 1½*d*., 1*d*., ½*d*.
John	.. ..	4*d*., 1½*d*., ½*d*.

PROBLEM 45.—CALIBAN'S WILL

Let T be "person who saw Caliban in a green tie."

Let U be "person who lent Caliban an umbrella."

Then the data are:

(1) No T chooses before Low.

(2) Either Y.Y. was in Oxford in March, 1920, or the first chooser is not a U.

(3) Either Low is second or Critic is not last.

Consider first (3):

If it could be shown that Low is first, then from (3), Critic is not last and therefore is second; i.e., the order is Low, Critic, Y.Y.

Next (1):

If both Critic and Y.Y. were T's, (1) would require Low first and (3) then gives the order Low—Critic—Y.Y., i.e., (2) would be superfluous. Hence Critic and Y.Y. are not both T's.

If neither Critic nor Y.Y. were a T, (1) would be trivially true for any ordering and therefore would give no information, i.e., would be superfluous. Hence just one of Y.Y. and Critic is a T. It follows that the only possible order in which Low is not first is:

Not T; Low; T.

Now (2):

First, if Y.Y. *was* in Oxford in March, 1920, nothing follows from (2) about the order, and (2) is superfluous. Hence Y.Y. was *not* in Oxford.

If Low were a U he would not, by (2), come first, and so by (1) the order would be:

Not T; Low; T.

i.e., (1) and (2) alone would fix an order, and (3) would be superfluous. Hence Low is not a U.

It now follows, by the arguments just given for T's under (1), that just one of Y.Y. and Critic is a U. If the same one is the T and the U (2) follows from (1), (since Low is not a U); i.e., (2) is superfluous. The situation is therefore:

T's: just one of Y.Y. and Critic; possibly Low.

U's: the other one of Y.Y. and Critic; not Low.

It now follows that "not T; Low; T" is impossible, for the "not T" is the "U" and therefore, by (2), is not first. Hence Low is first and (3) gives the order:

Low; Critic; Y.Y.

Finally Y.Y. is a T and Critic a U. For if Critic is a T, by (1) Low precedes Critic and hence (3) only allows Low; Critic; Y.Y.; (2) is superfluous.

i.e., *Critic (only) lent Caliban an umbrella.*

The twenty-odd solvers who have sent in answers to this problem have among them produced at least ten different solutions. I have not yet examined all of these, but so far I have only seen one that is correct. My congratulations to Mr. Newman on an exceptionally profound and subtle problem.

PLAYTIME DINNER

I have had a number of inquiries about this, and as last year's dinner was very definitely a success, I have asked Mr. Shovelton and Wing-Commander Marshall (my collaborators in *Caliban's Problem Book*) to co-operate in organising a second one. Mr. Shovelton has very kindly agreed to do the secretarial work. The date provisionally fixed is Thursday, Jan. 11th, and the price of the dinner 5*s*.

Full particulars shortly. Readers are requested not to send money till the date has been definitely fixed; but suggestions in regard to the dinner will be welcome.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

COMPANY MEETING

PETER WALKER (WARRINGTON) AND ROBERT CAIN AND SONS

SCHEME OF ARRANGEMENT APPROVED

A meeting of the holders of the Seven per Cent. First Mortgage debentures in Peter Walker (Warrington) and Robert Cain and Sons, Ltd., was held on Wednesday last at Winchester House, E.C.

SIR WM. HARRY PEAT, K.B.E., F.C.A. (who presided by order of the Court), described the alterations which had been made in the scheme since the meeting in August and stated that proxies had been received from 2,213 debenture holders, representing £1,265,100 in favour of the scheme, and from 44 debenture holders, representing £73,500 against it. He moved a resolution sanctioning the scheme.

MR. M. A. M. DILLON (chairman of the committee of debenture holders), in seconding the motion, said that the figures just announced by the Chairman showed a widespread approval both in numbers and in value in favour of the scheme. Those who had attended the meeting in August would remember that, although the company's proposals were defeated and withdrawn, it was obvious that it would be unwise to let the door be closed to a discussion of the position with the company. He had, therefore, volunteered to form a committee representative of all the debenture holders.

The committee had viewed the new proposals from the standpoint that unless they were convinced that there were adequate and compelling reasons for a compromise they would not sponsor any reduction whatever in the rate of interest. The reason which had induced the committee to consider a modification of the terms of the trust deed was the probability of an amalgamation of the thirteen companies constituting the Walker Cain group. They had been assured by the company and satisfied that a comprehensive scheme for the simplification of the group's very intricate financial and administrative structure was a necessity and was likely to be carried out at no very distant date.

Most of the complications in internal administration had arisen from the acquisition of further sub-subsidiaries since 1921. The reasons which obliged the company in the near future to face liquidation for the purpose of a comprehensive scheme for the reorganisation of the whole group were, therefore, not reasons which had been in existence when the public were asked to subscribe to the Seven per cent. First Mortgage debentures. More than half the companies in the group had been acquired after 1921. He took the view that the debenture holders could not claim to stand in the way of a scheme of reorganisation, provided that such a scheme was necessary and comprehensive. He honestly believed that the present terms were the best which could be obtained, and in that he was fortified by the approval which Lord Plender had given to the scheme.

RESOLUTION CARRIED.

On a show of hands the resolution was carried, but the Chairman demanded a poll for submission to the Court, and the result was that the resolution was carried by a majority of 2,167 debenture holders representing £1,190,900.

Votes of thanks to the committee and to the Chairman for presiding concluded the proceedings.

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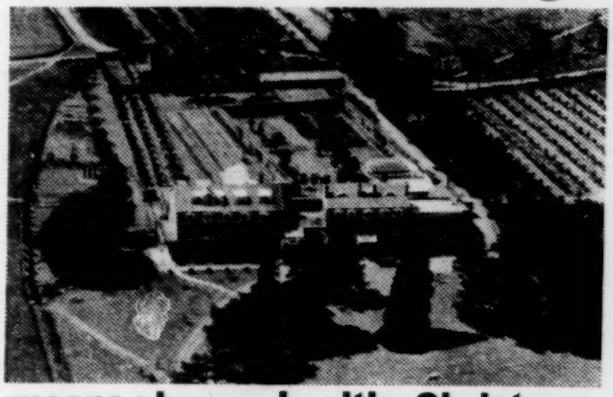

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

HOW TO PROTECT DOLLAR SECURITIES—INSURANCE COMPANIES AND THE DOLLAR—PEACE WITH TOBACCO—HOME RAILS

WHAT is to be done about our dollar securities? As the dollar falls, this question is being persistently asked by all sorts of British investors—from the rich institution to the poor individual. In the blind pursuit of higher rates of interest the life assurance offices and investment trusts acquired in the past huge blocks of dollar securities. Why so many individual investors should have followed the example of the institutions, which, after all, were acting under pressure of competition, it is difficult to understand, but some no doubt were "defeatists" and others were income-tax dodgers. Those who were so nervous about the £ that they bought dollar securities when the exchange was 3.50, have now lost 36 per cent. of their capital (in sterling) with the exchange at 5.40. What can be done to save the sterling equivalent of the wreck? Of course, if the gold-buying is dropped, the dollar will recover sharply, for it is undervalued on every test. But the President is now showing a surprising consistency in dropping his critical advisers (Professor Sprague is the latest), but not his gold policy. Let us assume the worst—that the dollar is forced down to 50 cents in gold. The British holder of dollar securities has to consider both capital and income. As regards capital there are several methods of protection. First, sell dollars forward for two or three months to the amount of the total market value of the holdings. This is expensive for the discount in forward dollars is now 6 cents for two months and 9½ cents for three months, and it is difficult to deal in large amounts. Nevertheless, as it is possible for the dollar (if devalued by 50 per cent.) to go to 6.27, or 6.50, or 7.05, according to whether the franc-sterling rate of exchange is 80, 83 or 90, there may be much to be gained by selling dollars forward. Secondly, arrange a dollar loan with a first-class British or American bank dealing in foreign exchange and convert the dollars into sterling at the current rate of exchange, leaving the sterling with the bank as collateral (alternatively, deposit gilt-edged securities with the bank as collateral for the loan). The bank will charge a rate of interest on the dollar loan varying with the discount on forward dollars, but as this can be set against profits by the institutional investor, method (2) may be cheaper than method (1). Thirdly, exchange into dollar securities which contain the "4.86 clause," i.e., allowing payment of capital and interest at a fixed rate of 4.86⅔ to the £. Many obligations of the Canadian Government contain this clause, but whether it will be honoured indefinitely no one can say. Fourthly, exchange dollar bonds which are "low yielders" into dollar equities which are likely to rise in market value as inflation develops. Fifthly, exchange from dollar securities into sterling securities (either equivalent sterling issues or others), i.e., cut the loss and bring your money home. To protect large blocks of capital a combination of all these methods is perhaps necessary. As regards income, if dollar securities are retained, method (2) is advisable. If a dollar loan is raised to the amount of the annual dollar income, it can be arranged that a proportion of the sterling credit held by the bank as collateral be released each month, as and when the dollar loan is reduced by the dividends received.

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The slump in the dollar has left its mark on the insurance share market, which has met with a good deal of nervous selling. British insurance companies doing business in America have large dollar assets, but these are offset by their liabilities, which are in dollars. Only to the extent of their surpluses, which must be brought into their sterling accounts, will these composite companies suffer as a result of exchange depreciation—apart from the question of the investment of their life department funds in dollar securities. The American surpluses of the thirteen largest composite companies are computed to be $152 millions, on which the fall in the dollar from 4.866 to 5.50 entails a sterling loss of £3.6 millions. Nothing to cause great alarm to shareholders!

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The tobacco coupon war is over, and while it is doubtful which side has won, it is quite certain that the consumer has lost. All parties have covenanted to disarm by January 1st, 1934. Distributors have undertaken not to cut retail prices below the figures fixed by the manufacturers and not to deal in coupon brands after December 31st (coupons will continue to be accepted from the public up to February 28th). If distributors break this agreement all tobacco supplies will be withheld. The shareholders are vitally interested in the terms of peace, but no official disclosure has yet been made. It is generally believed that the Imperial Tobacco has undertaken to pay to its competitors a million pounds a year for a number of years for dropping the coupon. On the published figures it is difficult to understand why Imperial Tobacco should have entered into this bargain. Of the decline in profits of £1½ million between 1930 and 1932, over £300,000 was due to the reduction of the British American Tobacco dividend, £300,000 to the increase in income tax, and a large part of the balance must have represented the cost of the additional tobacco duty which was borne by the company in respect of cigarettes. It is, of course, probable that the profits disclosed in the Imperial Tobacco profit and loss account are shown after various adjustments, so that the loss it has been suffering as a result of the coupon competition of the independent companies may have been much greater than appears from the accounts. On the basis of the published 1932 profits, less the payment of £1 million a year, earnings would amount to about 18 per cent. tax free on the ordinary shares. It is therefore possible that dividends will be reduced. Carreras are one of the "beneficiaries" of the agreement. As their net profits declined from £1,017,000 in 1929 to £724,000 in 1932, it would seem that the coupon "war" was more expensive for them than for Imperial Tobacco. In 1932, however, their profits increased by about £37,000, in spite of the fact that advertising expenses were higher ("by a considerable amount") than for any previous year, and that the cost of introducing the new cheap line of "Clubs" was provided for entirely out of revenue. Whether the company will be able to maintain its sales without the help of the coupons remains to be seen. Imperial Tobacco shares are valued at market prices at £230 millions, of which £172 millions or 92s. per ordinary share, represent goodwill. Carreras shares are valued at £16 millions, of which £10½ millions, or 117s. per £1 ordinary share, represent goodwill. The market is buying goodwill on the basis of twenty years' profits in the case of Imperial Tobacco and eighteen years' profits in the case of Carreras. In both cases the market appears to be over-generous, but such is the demand for investment stocks that the investor no longer bothers to make any distinction between luxury trades and utilities.

	Approx. Price.	Last Financial Year. % Earned.	% Paid.	Div. Yield %.
Imperial Tobacco Co., Ltd., ord. stk. ...	110/3	20.8	15.0 free of tax. plus 5.0 bonus	£3 12 6 net £4 16 9 gross (on 20%, f.t.)
Carreras, Ltd., "A" £1 ord.	7-29/32	41.3	35.0	£4 8 6
Do. "B" 2/6 ord.	20/-			£4 7 6

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Our statistical excursions have so delighted the soul of one correspondent that we have been asked to indulge ourselves again. Home railways perhaps offer the greatest scope for the amateur mathematician. Here is a calculation based on the assumption (*a*) that gross traffics in the remaining weeks of the year will continue to show the same trend in relation to the 1928 figures (taken as a normal year) as in the past forty-five weeks, and (*b*) that the volume of savings in the second half of 1933 will be two-thirds of the volume of savings in the first half. The following results are obtained :—

(In £'000's.)	G.W.R.	L.M.S.	L.N.E.R.	Southern.
	£	£	£	£
ESTIMATED TOTAL 1933 net profits ...	5,142	11,334	8,654	5,649
Balance for preference dividends ...	2,016	5,267	1,971	3,280
Estimated dividend earned on 1st pref. and red. pref.	Full	Full	3.70%	Full
	Full	Full	4.63%	Full
Estimated dividend earned on 2nd pref.	—	0.06%	Nil	—
Earned for ordinary stock	0.58%	Nil	Nil	4.15% on pref. ord.

To estimate earnings for 1934 it has been assumed that the gross traffics will be double the amount estimated for the second half of 1933, and that the amount of savings will be only 1½ times the savings in the first half of 1933. Expressing these estimates as increases over 1932 and adding them to the 1932 net profits, we obtain the following results :—

(In £,000's.)	G.W.R.	L.M.S.	L.N.E.R.	Southern.
	£	£	£	£
Estimated 1934 net profits	6,260	13,597	10,628	5,960
" balance after deb. int., rentals and gtd. divs....	3,134	7,539	3,945	3,591
Dividends earned—on 1st pf. and red. pref. ...	Full	Full	Full	Full
" " on 4%, 2nd pf....	Full	Full	2.74%	Full
" " On ord. stocks...	3.17%	0.71%	Nil	Full on pref.ord. and 0.24% on def. ord.

These estimates allow for some further improvement in trade in 1934 as they project forward the great recovery in passenger traffic shown in the second half of 1933. On these estimates the best speculative purchase in the home railway market at the present time is London, Midland and Scottish second preference at 44½.

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